JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 29, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1550.

GREAT £1-1-0 PRESENTATION FOR EVERY READER SEE PAGES 4 AND 5

JOHN BULL

Why 'Ovaltine' is Supreme *for* Health

QUALITY is the reason for the world-wide success of delicious 'Ovaltine.' By sheer merit it has won the complete confidence of the medical profession everywhere. For the same reason it is the daily beverage in countless thousands of homes.

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For all these reasons it is in your best interests to drink delicious 'Ovaltine.' There is nothing "just as good."

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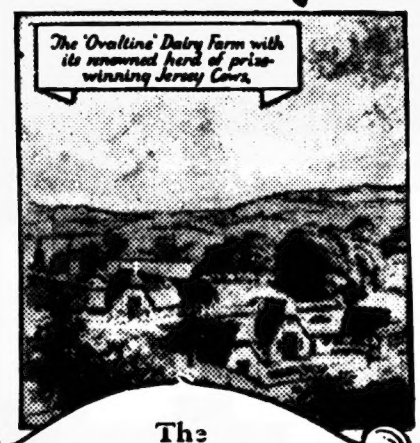

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The 'Ovaltine' Jersey Herd has gained no fewer than 300 awards since 1933 in the leading Agricultural Shows. These awards include 14 Championships, 51 First Prizes, and many special awards and Challenge Cups.

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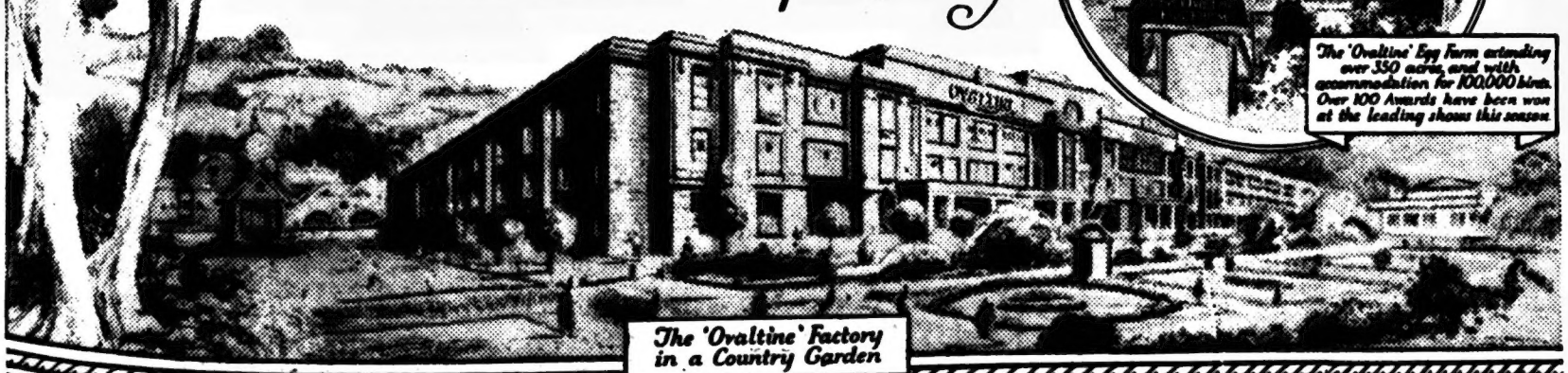

The 'Ovaltine' Factory in a Country Garden

P.191a

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	6ft.	4ft.	29/6	3/6	3/6
	8ft.	6ft.	69/-	4/6	5/4
	10ft.	6ft.	67/6	4/6	6/1

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	Lth.	Wth.	Cash.	Dep.	12 Pts.
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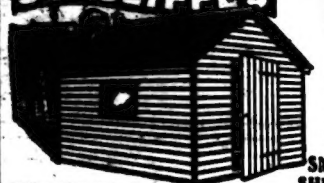

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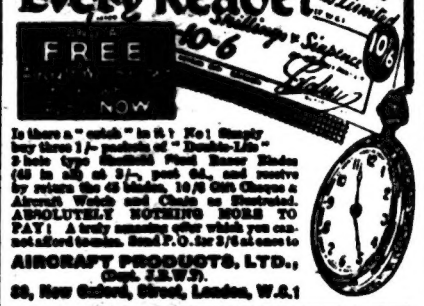

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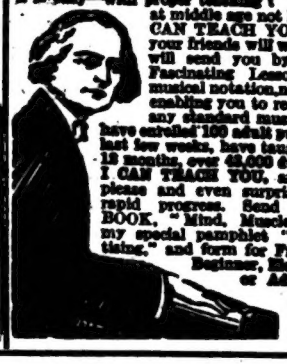

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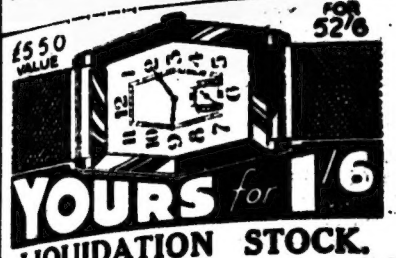

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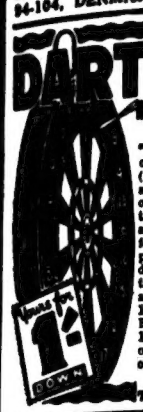

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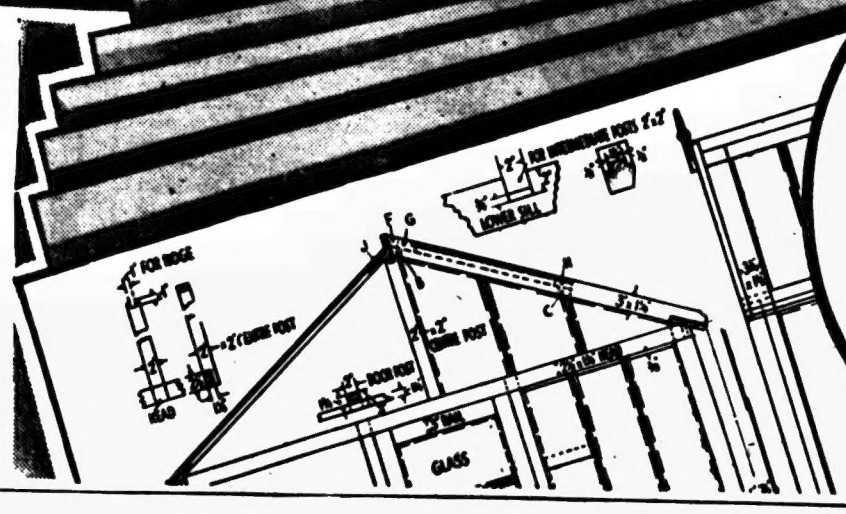

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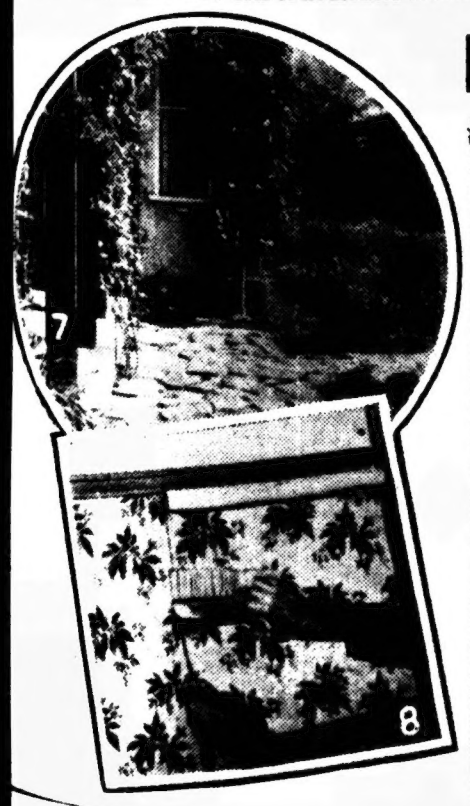

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In the Prison *without* Walls

A "JOHN BULL" INVESTIGATOR VISITS AN APPROVED SCHOOL

I Saw for Myself . .

I MAY as well begin with the letter. It was awaiting when I arrived at the Home Office approved school for boys at Redhill, Surrey—better known as the Philanthropic Society's School.

The letter had been sent by the Home Office to the Rev. R. P. McAuliffe, warden of the school, and desired him to allow me to roam at will over the place without any official escort, to ask any questions of the boys at the school I wished, and to have free access to all records and information.

I considered that very handsome of the Home Office, for in the columns of JOHN BULL ever since the passing of the new Children and Young Persons Act I have been the bitterest critic in the country of the way these so-called approved schools are filled to overflowing with young first offenders and children supposed to be in "need of care and protection."

It was to see for myself the type of youngster who gets into these approved schools that I wanted to visit the Redhill one.

I chose a large boys' school, one well-established, and one that receives boys at the minimum age of fifteen. I would thus be able to obtain more reliable answers to questions than would be the case in schools for younger children. I would also have available for examination boys who, having been put under detention at this age, might be expected to have shown an earlier inclination to crime.

The school at Redhill has been in existence for 150 years, and was the pioneer of child reformation when that work was performed exclusively by charity. Its functions are now wholly under Home Office direction and control.

The Rev. R. P. McAuliffe, the warden of the school, is the only clergyman, except the head of a Roman Catholic school, to be in charge of one of these institutions.

Mr. McAuliffe struck me at once as being a very humane and understanding man, exceedingly keen on his work, and a disciplinarian of more than usual strength.

But the discipline he inculcates is clearly that of the home and the workshop, not of the regiment. He seemed to me an ideal man for the job.

To begin with, I mentioned that I would like to have a talk with some of the really bad boys in his care.

"I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you," he said. "I just haven't got any really bad boys. They are not being manufactured nowadays.

"Until only a few years ago we used to get here young but trained and expert jewel thieves, burglars and the like. They were so good at the game that sometimes the gangs who had trained and used them would make long journeys to the school by motor-car and try to abduct them.

"Once I lost the keys of the school safe and urgently wanted some money from it. I saw that it would not be wise to get the boys from the oxy-acetylene welding shop of the school to open it. They might learn for the first time how easy safe-breaking is with modern apparatus.

"There was a knock on the office door and in walked one of my nippers. He said he had heard a rumour that I was having trouble with a locked safe. He would 'crack' it in a jiffy.

"With what?"

"Why, with these, sir," he said, extending his ten fingers. "I knows how, sir."

"But," remarked Mr. McAuliffe, "boys like these are very rare birds in these times."

"Then," I asked, "how is it that this school and all the other seventy-nine approved schools are overflowing and hosts of boys are being kept in the remand homes awaiting admission?"

"That," he replied, "is presumably what you have come here to find out for yourself. Set about it in your own way. I shall place no restrictions upon your search."

While a messenger was fetching a boy to be my guide, I noticed a document, bearing Queen Victoria's own signature, upon Mr. McAuliffe's desk.

It was a pardon granted by the Queen soon after she came to the throne to a fourteen-year-old boy named John Morey, who had been sentenced to seven years' transportation. It was a condition of the reprieve that he should enter this institution.

His crime was that he had stolen 2s. 8d. from his master, a coal merchant, and it was shown to have been his first offence.

How barbarous, I thought. But I was to find out soon that many of the boys I spoke to were now in bondage for lesser offences than the one John Morey committed. Bondage in pleasant surroundings, but still bondage.

My guide, a smiling, sturdy, rosy-cheeked boy of fifteen, who had been put away for a solitary act of petty larceny, now arrived and I started on my tour.

The various houses, dormitories, gymnasia, school rooms, dining halls, kitchens, hospital wards, etc., are as clean, healthy, bright, comfortable, and well-equipped as those of any public school. Food is ample and of first quality.

Well might it be. Each of the 10,000 boys and girls in the 80 approved schools dotted over the country costs the taxpayers and ratepayers nearly 30s. per week, apart from the capital value and the cost of maintenance of the buildings and estates.

I saw all the 130 boys in the school in the course of my wanderings. They appeared an intelligent crowd, and of good physique, and cheerful.

One whose expression was a bit hostile had arrived only a few days before.

"I don't know why I should be here," he said, in answer to my question. "I was up to a little bit of mischief . . . . but everyone does that, don't they, sir? But it is better here than that awful place I was in for weeks."

He was referring to one of the remand homes where the children have to wait for long periods for admission to approved schools,

(*Continued overleaf*)

Continuing:

In the Prison *without* Walls

and I found that other boys had equally unpleasant memories of these establishments.

Except for some boys who confessed to misdemeanours, I found that most of them had only the haziest ideas why they had been put under detention. The magnitude of what they naturally regard as punishment completely perplexes them. The last thing they understand is that they are supposed to be there for a process of reformation.

The most vivid impression left on me by the conversations I had was that, if reformation and training were necessary, they could have been achieved so much more effectively and cheaply in the outside world without loss of liberty.

There was the case of Mickey, whom I found milking one of a fine dairy herd of Shorthorn cattle in the byres. Mickey is very proud because he will be in some of the teams of boys who win prizes for the school in competition with farmers at the county agricultural shows.

"WE begin lambing in a day or two," he said to me with the air of a seasoned farmer.

In addition to the cattle, the school has teams of horses, 250 pigs and 200 sheep. So well trained are the boys (all town lads) that farmers far and near like to hire them, and undertake to pay them more than the legal minimum rate for young labourers.

I asked Mickey what had brought him here. He told me he had taken some money from the purse of a woman who lived in his tenement and she sent for the police.

"Mum cried a lot in the court, and asked to get me back, but the magistrate said I had been very wicked."

Mickey's papers showed that there had been no previous offence.

Nothing touched me more than the appeals of a number of other boys to help them to trace their parents. They send letters at least once a month, but never get replies.

I learned later from Mr. McAuliffe that some of these were cases in which the children had been conveniently got rid of through the courts because they were in the way of a love affair.

He quoted me instances of children who had been sent out deliberately to steal in such a manner that they would be certain to be caught.

One case concerned a mother who wished to marry again. The prospective husband would not have her child in the new home.

Hector was one of these cases. I found him in the carpenter's shop making a door. He was somewhat dismal. He had been rebellious and was being punished. His pocket money was stopped.

THE boys are paid a sum of money up to 2s. per week in the case of group leaders and house captains, as they progress and become proficient. The average is from 10d. to 1s. 3d., and they save up all they are able to go on what they call a "binge" with a town pass.

Stopping the pocket money, Mr. McAuliffe finds, is by far the surest method of correction, and, if it fails, a threat to curtail the annual two weeks' home leave and the annual visit to a holiday camp always succeeds.

Some of the boys are detained for small thefts. The warden completely disregards that fact. He sends the worst of them into the town daily, often with as much as £5 in his pocket, to do the school shopping and pay bills. Never once in his eighteen years has a boy bolted with the money or returned with a halfpenny short in the change.

Is it part of magisterial stupidity that boys from places as far off as Darlington and Devon should be sent to an institution near London, although there are approved schools in their home areas?

These boys are terribly lonely. Their parents cannot afford the railway fares to visit them, nor are they able to save sufficient to take them home for holidays. No wonder the boys get resentful and feel that they have been put away for vindictive punishment.

Take the case of Teddy. His offence was that he took a "joy ride" in a motor-car.

"The magistrate said it was devilish, but the policeman who pinched me was almost crying when I was sentenced. He said he wouldn't have arrested me if he'd thought I'd be put away."

That boy finds his present condition, separated by nearly 300 miles from his home and kin, very difficult to reconcile with his "crime."

Moving through and between the blocks of workshops, I observed everywhere a remarkable companionship between the boys and their masters and instructors.

The fostering of this companionship is the end-all of Mr. McAuliffe's work. When a boy is repeatedly reported to him for being idle or worthless, he does not accuse the boy, but the head of his house. The head has the boy taken from him and is told that it was his job to have won him over. The reports are held to be a condemnation of the master or instructor for having failed.

IN the splendidly equipped engineering shop I took Harold aside from his work at the lathe. He is now a proficient engineer, and will soon pass out with other boys who have served apprenticeships at the school as fitters, turners, oxy-acetylene welders, smiths, farriers, and the like. Ninety per cent. of the boys graduate as efficient craftsmen either as engineers, carpenters or building trades operatives, and the remainder as first-class labourers.

Harold's crime, as I checked from his papers, was that he had been found loitering.

"I was loitering all right," he said, "but not with any bad intention. Our house had only two rooms and there were eleven of us, all the others older than me. Going to bed was a bit of a business. I waited outside until all the others had turned in. One night I was waiting at the end of the street when a bobby grabbed me.

"I was top boy in school and relatives came to the court and pleaded for me, but the magistrate wouldn't even let them speak. He gave my dad a frightful ticking-off for having so many of us in two rooms. But Dad couldn't help it. He and my brothers couldn't get any work."

It was certainly desirable that Harold should have been taken from his home. But why was he made a recruit in a reformatory at such expense to the public when he could have been well looked after at so much less cost by his relatives, or by foster parents or guardians, as the Children's Act intended he should have been?

Harold's case is one to be found duplicated thousands of times over in the approved schools of this country.

I was leaving the engineering shop when a boy came up to me from the forge.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I don't know who you are, but I heard you asking my mates questions. Do you think, sir, you could help me to find out where my mother is, so that I can write to her?"

I listened to his story. Since he came to the school this boy had only seen his mother once. Ever since he could remember he had been in institutions.

One day, a couple of weeks before my visit, he had been told that a lady, who would not enter the school, wished to speak to him on a bridge outside the grounds.

He went out to her. She embraced him, hugging and kissing him for many minutes. "Mummy's boy," she kept repeating, while she sobbed with him in her arms.

Then she released him, jumped into the motor-car and drove off without looking again at the bewildered child.

Mr. McAuliffe told me that the visitor was undoubtedly the boy's mother. It had never been possible to trace her for twelve years. She had been a widow, and the second husband had made it a condition that her child should not be brought into the home.

MOTHER love had, apparently, at last driven her to trace the boy to Redhill and brought about the fleeting reunion.

"I wish I had taken the number of the motor-car," said the boy to me. "My mother must want me or she wouldn't have come here, would she, sir?"

I stopped a boy carrying a milk-pail across the football field. He was very lame and told me that he hoped soon to enter a London hospital for an operation which would mend his leg.

His sole crime in life was that he once stole two keys, but his father had declared him to be beyond control. I recalled Queen Victoria's pardon to John Morey who stole 2s 8d. a hundred years ago.

From his case documents, I discovered that his father, a widower, is a company director with an income of at least £1,500 yearly and a West End house.

The Rev. R. P. McAuliffe, warden of the approved school at Redhill, Surrey—"a very humane and understanding man"

At a time when he had formed an alliance with some woman, the parent had found the Children's Court an easy way to get rid of the child. The boy had been under detention for nearly a year, and during that time had not been visited once by his father, who was also ignoring the need for the boy's operation.

Why did not the magistrates insist that the wealthy father of this boy should make proper provision for his son, instead of having him conveniently put away in a State-financed establishment?

Why, in fact, did not the magistrates in most of the cases at Redhill, and the other approved schools, exercise the more humane powers given to them by the Children's Act—such as probation under supervision, boarding out with foster parents, and guardianship?

Comfortable, well disciplined and excellently trained, the children in approved schools certainly are, but why should they be deprived of their freedom when machinery exists and should be used in the first place to provide them with these advantages in the outside world?

Remember that the minimum age of admission to Redhill is fifteen, when, it might be expected, the boys would have become incorrigible. Such is far from being the case. Most of them, I found, are detained for paltry offences, and fully one-half have not been in any previous trouble known to the authorities.

The proportion would unquestionably be found to be much higher in the schools for younger boys and girls.

EVEN if the home surroundings or circumstances of many of them were not of the best, there is no reason for this mass of children being segregated in costly institutions. A sufficient number of people would easily be found willing to give them good homes and fit them for a career at much less than the 30s. a week which the State has to find. And they could go through life without the stain of criminal captivity, which it is all the time, whatever names are used to disguise it.

That was what Parliament intended should happen when it gave effect to the Children's Act two years ago. It is a good Act, the instructions issued under it by the Home Office have been kindly and wise, the share in its administration performed by the officers of that Department has been beyond reproach, and the approved schools themselves are mostly splendid places.

Where, then, is the fault?

Every time it can be traced to the children's courts, and the readiness with which magistrates assent to the easy course of ordering detention without exploring the possibility of using the other methods now available to them.

And the reasons for this non-recognition of the spirit and letter of the Act?

I can find only one. It is that the judicial duties under the Act are not being discharged by the special type of magistrates envisaged by Parliament—men and women who are young in age, mind and outlook, and with a thorough understanding of juvenile mentality and working-class home conditions.

PURGING *the* PULPIT

A MATTER of vital concern to many churchgoers and of great interest to all, has just been discussed by the Church Assembly, which has now ended its Spring Session.

The discussion arose over what is called the Ecclesiastical Duties Measure—which does not sound very exciting to the layman, but which actually will arouse heated controversy in countless parishes.

Briefly, the measure provides a disciplinary remedy against those parsons whose ministry is "scandalous" by misbehaviour or neglect, but whose offences are not grave enough to bring them within the scope of the Clergy Discipline Act of 1892.

Attached to this measure is another which provides for the compulsory retirement of incumbents who have become hopelessly ill-suited to their setting by reason of mental or bodily infirmity, or several of other causes which may be emptying the church in their charge.

Frankly, we don't think these measures have received the public attention they deserve. They were introduced by a layman, Lord Hugh Cecil, and in the teeth of the fiercest opposition have managed to get the approval of the Church Assembly, which is equivalent to a first reading of a Bill in Parliament.

☆ ★ ☆

They come up for a second reading at the next Assembly in the summer, and already a canvassing campaign has started in Church circles to kill the measures when the time comes. But every churchgoer should know of their purport and the reasons why they *must* be passed.

We propose to give those reasons.

The success of both measures means an end of the "parson's freehold," an ancient principle which may have been appropriate enough when the Church was a power almost above the law and the State, but which is totally out of place in modern times.

Under it there has been no way of removing a "dud" minister from his parish, short of his having been convicted for a criminal offence or having committed sexual misconduct, which puts him on the wrong side of the Divorce Court.

But to-day a parson is expected to do a job of work like any other man; to carry out his duties in the manner required of him and according to the rules of the profession which pays him.

Yet scarcely a month goes by without reports from some part of the country or other about "brawls in church," parish feuds, or scandals of a similar kind which have arisen in the first place through charges made against a minister by his parishioners. Some of these charges are, no doubt, unfounded, but certainly not all.

☆ ★ ☆

There was a case not long ago in a Midlands area where the vicar, after having accepted the living, apparently considered himself an exile among his new flock, and went out of his way to let them know the fact. He made no attempt to minister to them adequately, made no calls upon them, was consistently rude to most of the parishioners he had to meet, spent long absences by car in the more fashionable town where he used to reside, and held services very infrequently and in a lethargic "take it or leave it" manner.

The parishioners, being human, resented this, but they had no remedy.

The parson, on his part, did not care to resign a living for which he evinced so much distaste. He continued to accept an exceedingly good stipend for work he took no trouble to perform and the parishioners had no means of compelling him to resign.

Their resentment took the form of open outbreaks of protest which have hurt the Church in that locality and have not bothered the parson who caused it one bit.

In another case in a Northern parish a parson's obsession about the virtues of corporal punishment has reached a mental stage which is well known to specialists in nervous ailments. In one case he was haled before the Court and fined for technical assault on a boy. But he does not care to take the step of resigning, and his flock, little as they like the situation, can do nothing about it.

Apart from the cases of a priest's misbehaviour or neglect which get into the newspapers through church brawling and "scenes," court proceedings and the like, there are dozens of others which do not achieve that degree of publicity but which, nevertheless, present a grievous total. They all help to empty places of worship and bring the Church into disrepute.

JOHN BULL gets such cases in its postbag almost every week. And they are not all inspired and based on ill-founded gossip.

☆ ★ ☆

There is the parson who comes to a new district and brings with him an eccentric form of ritual which is absolutely distasteful to the majority of his congregation.

And there is the parson who suddenly introduces ritual changes, simply because he takes a sudden fancy to them, even though his congregation has been brought up by him to follow a different form, and who persists, even after the most proper and serious protests, to have his own way.

These are important and deep-rooted matters. They drive many people away from places of worship.

There are instances, too, of eccentricities of behaviour which upset a congregation's trust and belief in what is proper and suitable in their priest, like that of a priest in a North Country village who carries the "squarson" tradition out to such an extent that he is seldom seen sober in public.

Another example is where the parson's passion for the Turf leads him to bring racing papers into the vestry and mix his sermon notes with tipsters' telegrams.

That is all right, perhaps, from the human point of view; but since his sporting interests, carried to such a length, are a discomfort to a large part of his congregation, should he parade before them such controversial interests?

There was a court case recently where a parson was fined for obstruction in a place several hundreds of miles away from his living. He has a passion for a certain form of political propaganda which leads him to make long and frequent journeys away to other parts of the country. And this in spite of the protests of a large number of his parishioners who expect him to carry out his work as a priest at home instead of playing the amateur politician abroad.

There must be some practical expression for the parishioners' grievances which arise from cases like these, and the new measures which have been put before the Church Assembly will provide it.

For the first time there is established a professional standard of conduct in the Church such as obtains in other callings, and a priest can be examined in the light of that standard and charges against him heard in a fair manner.

As far as accusations of downright misbehaviour and negligence are concerned, one of the new measures provides that an Archdeacon acts as prosecutor after a committee of six clergymen from the diocese has examined the charges and decided that proceedings should be taken.

Under the old forms, proceedings were hardly ever taken, even when the charges were grievous, because of the awkward necessity of the Bishop acting as both judge and prosecutor. And the legal technicalities were cumbrous to the point of impossibility as far as any definite action was concerned.

Now, machinery is suggested in the second measure for the compulsory retirement of a parson if such a course is considered expedient.

It consists of a Board of seven clergymen and seven laymen. It is a way—the first so far—of getting rid of the priest who is incapable of work or ill-suited to his parish, but who yet will not resign of his own accord.

☆ ★ ☆

Such cases as those we have quoted, which do so much harm both to individual parishes and to the Church in general, could properly be brought before such a Board of Retirement.

It would hear all the charges and both sides. If it desired to retire the parson, he would be pensioned off or another parish suggested where he could be more useful. In any case, he would have to give up his present living.

On the other hand, such a Board would constitute a much-needed protection for the priest who is an innocent victim of ill-natured gossip. It would be a sovereign cure for that common evil. The priest could demand that all charges made against him be brought before the Board, where they would be fully heard and acted upon, or scotched for ever.

JOHN BULL welcomes both these measures as being the first practical step on the part of the Church to set its house in order, to advance out of the Middle Ages as far as its interior discipline is concerned.

☆ ★ ☆

They will receive, and are receiving, tremendous opposition from the more conservative elements in the Church. But that opposition must not succeed.

We hope, during the summer, to see the victorious passage of these measures to end those twin evils which have, perhaps, done more than anything else to harm organised religion—the "dud" parson and the parish gossip-monger.

Lord Hugh Cecil, distinguished Churchman, who has introduced the measures which, if adopted, will purge the pulpit of the "dud" parson

Your £285,000,000:

"*EVERY item (of expenditure on rearmament) will be scrutinised by the Treasury, to make sure that there is neither waste nor undue profits for the contractor.*"

That statement was made by Mr. Neville Chamberlain in the House of Commons *last October* when he was preparing the public mind for the forthcoming huge increase in Britain's armaments.

It repeated a similar promise made by Mr. Baldwin the previous June when he said that a stringent watch was to be kept on "excessive profits" arising from the proposed plans for aircraft expansion.

On many occasions during the months that have since elapsed, JOHN BULL has expressed its doubt about the worth of those promises. We have warned our readers about the plans which were even then being laid by the "big boys" in the City for huge profit-carving in the armaments share market.

We have exposed the financial racketeering which has been going on, based on the expectation that enormous profits would still be made by both new and old armaments firms, and that all Governmental promises of control were so much idle breath.

And now, in the events of the past few weeks, in the "boom" which has taken place in arms and aircraft shares and in the war commodities market, the public has seen our predictions come true.

What will happen

Almost every day you have seen the newspapers recording that great activity in these markets has been a feature of a "generally cheerful Stock Exchange." And such items as these: "Bristol aeroplane finished with a net gain of 3s. 9d., Fairey closed 2s. higher, Rolls-Royce gained 10s. a unit on the day's business; Vickers were 1s. 3d. higher, John Brown 1s. 3d. higher . . .," and so on.

As the day draws near when the details of the Defence Programme will be announced, the dazzling promise of that £285,000,000 to be spent on the machinery of death has soared the armaments market steadily higher until to-day the value of the shares held in this group of national industry now stands at about £40,000,000 higher than before the "war talk" began eight months ago.

That fact alone shows what the City thinks of the Government's pledge to stop profiteering in the new orders for war material. It is also an indication as to which pockets will retain a good many millions of the public money to be raised for the Defence Programme.

What will happen unless that pledge is speedily followed by some practical action was shown by the facts which transpired after nine new aircraft flotations were made last year.

The public provided £7,611,082 for these issues. Of this total £5,223,160 went into the pockets of the promoters and in profits to issuing houses, brokers and Stock Exchange operators. Actually, only about £600,000 — less than one-twelfth of the sum raised—went into building new factories and additional outlets for employment.

There are other indications, missed in the general attention focused on the share movements of the direct arms manufacturing firms, which also show how confidently huge gains are expected from the Defence Programme, and how little is thought of the anti-profiteering pledges.

Look at the commodities markets —at those substances which form the raw material of war products.

Tungsten, for instance—an essential part of the making of "high-speed" steel for gun tubes, torpedoes, heavy shell and armour plate —has been steadily rising in value since war talk and rearmament preparations began.

To-day it stands at 36s. a unit as against 10s. three years ago. This price increase is not due to any scarcity of supplies. While the price has gone up 3½ times, the output of tungsten from mines and refineries has gone up three times!

Soaring steadily

Nickel, also used in gun steels—for bullet cases and in many other forms of armament—is another example. Its price is steadily soaring upwards while at the same time production has increased to 80,000 tons from 20,000 in a little over a year.

Copper, again, has risen to £38 a ton from £29 last June. Lead has made a sensational rise of over 100 per cent. during the past months of arms preparations. Production has kept pace with the rise, so in this instance also scarcity is not the reason.

Besides these common raw materials for the engines of war there are others that the man in the street knows less about, but which have also increased enormously in price recently. Toluol, used for making T.N.T., is one example. Molybdenum, used for special steels, is another.

One of the most spectacular examples is that of nitrate, an indispensable ingredient in the manufacture of high explosives (as well as fertilisers for growing wheat and other cereals). For years the nitrate fields of Chili have laid empty of workers, the factories deserted because the nitrate could not be sold at an economic price. But now the world seems to need explosives more than bread, the nitrate fields have reopened, factories are working again, and the price of nitrate is going up and up.

Oil, also benzol, and other coke-oven by-products used in war material, have all climbed steadily up the price ladder during the past few months.

Reasonable profits

And so, too, profit-making and profit-taking are going on in the commodities field as well as in the share markets.

There is a relation between the recent events in these two separate fields of finance, a relation which merely confirms our previous doubts about the worth of the Government's promises to suppress profiteering raids on that £285,000,000 nest-egg for Defence—as we shall see.

It can safely be assumed that the Government will insist at least on some surface honouring of that

pledge. It will probably fix a provisional limit of between 5 and 7½ per cent. net profit on all contracts where the field of supply of that particular type of war material constitutes a virtual monopoly. On other types of material it will rely on competitive tenders to bring the prices, and, therefore, the profits, to a reasonable level.

In the case of suppliers of the first type, the Directors of Contracts of the Services concerned will, no doubt, ask for cost sheets so that the profit limits can be proved. In the case of aircraft firms, gun-makers and warship constructors, they will be dealing with monopolies in each different kind of weapon and, no doubt, the Directors of Contracts will have the right to ask for details of the firm's internal financing, such as overheads, etc., to support these cost sheets.

But, as the Great War proved, no system of cost accountancy is capable of meeting all the various devices with which an extra profit can be "wangled" on the supply of a given material. And one of the biggest loopholes for concealed profit is this question of raw materials.

It could not be closed effectively even during the War when there were strict regulations governing the price of every commodity, licensing systems governing supply, and a full-grown Ministry of Munitions to oversee everything.

Beaten every time

Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Addison have given us instances of the efforts of arms manufacturers in the profiteering line even when the nation's very life was at stake. We have been told how the vigilance of the accountants got 18-pounder shells reduced from 22s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., of manufacturers who demanded £165 for Lewis guns which, after overheads, etc., had been pruned, could be produced for £35; of others who charged 2s. 3d. a pound for cordite which could be made with profit for 1s. 7d.

But even they admitted that raw material "costs" beat their best

Who Gets It?

The DISGRACEFUL GAMBLE IN ARMAMENTS

The great increase in British armaments must not be allowed to become an opportunity for gamblers to carve huge profits in the armaments share market

systems of scrutiny every time. And but for this snag they would have got delivery prices lower still.

To-day and during the ensuing months when the Government will start spending the Defence money, arms firms and their promoters will be in a much better position to profit by this loophole in costs control.

In the first place, there is going to be no central purchasing department for all the Services, like the Ministry of Munitions, with its advantages of mass buying and single control.

Indeed, the Government, a few days before the Defence Programme is to be issued, has not indicated *what* form of control is to be exercised—if any. All we have got is a promise. What we are likely to get is a few cost clerks attached to the Directors of Contracts.

Secondly, the country is at peace and all materials suitable for war products are circulating in a free market and subject to all kinds of price manipulation.

Thirdly, and here is the most important point of all, many of the arms firms having learned a lesson during the Great War, now control or have a large interest in many of the sources of supply of the raw materials they use.

To quote one instance only—nickel. And one firm — Vickers. When Vickers wants nickel for a big gun it can buy it through High Speed Steel Alloys, Ltd., in which, through the English Steel Corporation, it has large holdings.

A delusion

High Speed Steel in turn would buy it from the Steel Manufacturers' Nickel Syndicate, which again is partly controlled by Vickers, or from *Société Anonyme Le Nickel*, a French company, in which (still again) Vickers has large investments.

But when Vickers buys its nickel it usually gets it in the form of nickel steel. The purchased raw stuff goes to the subsidiary English Steel Corporation, which sells it in a semi-finished condition to the parent company, Vickers, from whom it emerges eventually as a gun.

The point is that a profit is made at every stage in these many transactions over one raw material only. And they are perfectly legitimate profits, all helping to swell the gross profit accruing to Vickers.

But where, and how, under the present conditions which have permitted the private manufacture of arms to flourish, which have permitted such linkages and price controls to develop, is it possible to impose arbitrary limits like 5 or 7 per cent. on profit-making in munitions? It is a delusion.

Nobody need envy the cost accountants charged with tracing a nickel purchase through all the ramifications we have outlined above.

Multiply the instance of nickel with that of a dozen other essential raw materials of armaments; multiply the case of Vickers with that of a dozen other arms and explosives firms, and you will get some idea of the task involved if the joint promises of Messrs. Baldwin and Chamberlain with regard to profiteering control are to be implemented.

And have Government cost accountants the *right* to ask the arms firms to lay bare every stage in the production of the finished product from the raw material? Have they the right to ask an arms firm to surrender a profit at one or several stages because in their opinion the cost-at-works of the raw material is too high?

Of course, they have no such right. The arms firms of all categories are *private* firms, and these are times of peace!

Perfectly honest

The almost impenetrable jungle of linkages for manufacture and supply of raw material which is a feature of the arms industry is perfectly legitimate and honest business. They are alliances to ensure, maintain, and increase profits whatever the circumstances of control. The City knows it, and that is why armament shares are booming.

A business exists to make a profit, and the bigger the profit the better the business. But profits are justified, too, by the *type* of business—its *purpose* as well as its conduct.

It may be a sentimental view to see a difference between a flour mill making 30 per cent. and a gun factory doing the same.

But we *do* see a difference. We think it is a civilised view to demand, especially as they are paid by the taxpayer, that Profits from Death (or, as the armaments spokesmen will have it—from "Defence") be screwed down to the minimum basis of interest that any capital employment will carry.

We questioned above whether the Government has the right to ask the private arms firms to disclose every detail in their contracts for the supply of war material. It is hardly likely to demand it, and it has shown no signs yet of setting up machinery to enable it to do so.

But *you* have that right. It is your £285,000,000 which is being spent, in the fullest sense of the word. And you should see that it is well spent—every penny's worth, even if it is to go on aeroplanes and battleships, guns, tanks, and bullets.

Disquieting

At this moment Cabinet Ministers are thrashing out the final administrative details of the Defence Programme. And we will remind them that their biggest problem is not how to *get* the stuff, but how much to pay for it, and *whom* to pay.

It is suspicious and disquieting that the Government has given no hint yet of its plans to fulfil the anti-profiteering promises made by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor. The White Paper with full details of the Programme is to appear in a few days' time. Perhaps they hope the country has forgotten. But it has not.

It will expect to see when the Paper does appear some definite indication of a plan to keep profiteering out of the Defence Programme, some workable scheme of purchase control which will keep profits for the armaments promoters and shareholders to the barest reasonable minimum.

Or it will want to know why!

Book to Save You Pounds

New Presentation for "John Bull" Readers

EVER the friend and guide of the more than a million and a half families who comprise its vast circle of readers, JOHN BULL, this week, makes another great gesture that will have far-reaching effects on the beauty, utility and efficiency of its readers' homes, as well as enabling them to save much hard cash.

On pages 4 and 5 of this issue, JOHN BULL offers to its readers a Presentation, "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic."

This is an entirely new production, more complete than anything of its kind ever before attempted. It is a marvel of essential knowledge and instruction, with 672 pages, 300,000 words, and over 800 invaluable drawings, diagrams and pictures.

Such a volume as this would be a bargain at £1 1s., yet it is offered to you at 2s. 9d., plus 1s., to cover the cost of carriage, packing and insurance.

What does this work mean to your home? It means that you can save money in a hundred different ways, can begin to forget such things as bills from joiners, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, mechanics, and wireless repairers.

"I'll do it myself!" will be your new motto. And you *can* do it. With "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic" by you it is as though an expert were at your elbow.

But hurry! Turn right away to pages 4 and 5, and reserve your copy of "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic" to-day.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

5 FOR 2D
10 FOR 4D
15 FOR 6D

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

You've Shattered One Illusion

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to A. P. Herbert, M.P.

DEAR A. P. HERBERT,—Whatever I may think of your political views generally—and we seem to have so little in common that you once wrote that you could prove from your Press cuttings that I was personally biased against you—I must at least congratulate you whole-heartedly on having lived down so quickly the idea that you are a humorist.

It was your humour that, in the past, I have criticised—on the wireless and on the stage.

I do not suggest that the serious way in which you have been taken in Parliament is a proof that, as a humorist, you were a failure, for you have made a lot of money out of it, and that, I suppose, is the test. That is where you have the laugh on me.

* * *

I have sneered, rather, in the past because you wasted time in echoing Sir Wilfrid Lawson's complaint that the House of Commons broke the law in its method of selling drink—you even wasted the time of the courts on this—and in pleading for steamboats on the Thames, which were a failure when John Burns put them there, and which could not pay unless you moved the Thames-side towns.

Now, however, I must pay you a tribute for having the courage to tackle the long-neglected problem of Marriage Law Reform.

Elected as M.P. for the University of Oxford—in your own words, "the elected mouthpiece of innumerable clergymen and the second trumpet of 20,000 Bachelors of Arts"—you have sponsored a Bill which, if passed, would grant divorce in the case of three years' desertion, incurable insanity, incurable habitual drunkenness and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence.

In urging the House to pass that Bill, you have the support not only of Eleanor Rathbone, who, like yourself, is an Independent, but of one Liberal, two Tories and four Socialists.

I seem to see, in your Bill, considerable artfulness, for, while the new grounds for divorce which you suggest will antagonise thousands of clergymen, you put in another clause. This removes the present legal compulsion of clergymen of the Church of England to remarry divorced persons or to allow the use of their churches for such remarriages.

Surely, so long as Anglicanism is allowed to call itself the State Church, any people should be entitled to marriage by State parsons, if they so wish. If the Church became Disestablished—as I hope it soon will—that is another matter.

You may argue that at present clergymen are compelled to break the law. Anyway, clergymen should be the first people to keep the law. They know, before they are ordained, what they are up against.

* * *

Still, that is not the important part of your Bill, which matters not because of clergymen, but because Divorce Law Reform is a vital issue in the minds of countless thousands of unhappily married people, even if M.P.s generally remain indifferent to their plight.

Frankly, though, I cannot understand some of your proposals. Why, for instance, divorce only after five years?

The truth is that, if people love each other, they ought to marry. If they don't, they should not.

If, their love gone, they discover that they make each other miserable, they ought to be able to terminate their marriage. They themselves should be allowed to be the masters of their own fate. I don't see what it has got to do with anybody else, except that it spreads misery around. But, personally, it is their own concern. They have to put up with the worst of it.

Besides, why, as you suggest, should the Archbishop of Canterbury still be allowed to issue special licences? Why not the President of the Free Church Council? Why not the Chief Rabbi? Why not the Archbishop of Westminster? What special privilege, in these days, should be given to one Church and not to others?

No, yours seems to me a Bill that, while it antagonises the Church on one hand, will annoy all opponents of Church privilege on the other.

You have mixed it all up. You should have made your Bill even more revolutionary and kept it to the simple issue—that people themselves should be the masters of their own lives.

* * *

As your Bill won't get through, anyway—for private Members do not matter when, having used the Machine, they count heads—it might all have been good propaganda for the days, which I hope will soon come, when people have broader minds.

Anyway, A. P. Herbert, you have started well. You have lived down quicker than any other man who ever lived the illusion that, in Parliament, a humorist is merely a clown. Why, the House already takes you more seriously than it does Nancy Astor!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

WE can only marvel at the manner in which the Football League suddenly pronounced its surprising decision the other day to withhold details of Saturday's matches until the previous Thursday.

One would have thought that some effort would have been made to ascertain the views of Football's millions of supporters before the League acted as arbitrarily as it did.

* * *

The probability is that its decision will do more harm to the game than good.

Supporters like to know what the future fixtures are, and the suppression of their publication until the last minute is not likely to foster that enthusiasm which brings the big "gate."

* * *

Let us have a public enquiry into the R.A.F. disasters. If our 'planes can't compete with peacetime fog, what might happen in war?

* * *

It's time Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, stopped talking and started acting. Since this year began, 600 more babies have died than in the same period last year—and the death-roll of mothers shows no reduction.

* * *

When you hear that Johnstone (of "Layton and Johnstone") owes £16,000 in income tax, don't you wonder why the tax people get so impatient with the little man who owes a pound or two?

* * *

Since when has the Archbishop of Canterbury been a Cabinet Minister?

It is now admitted that the Government secretly told him—weeks ago—the recommendations of the Tithe Commission, while keeping everyone else in the dark.

The general public as well as the tithe payer has a right to be indignant.

* * *

We're not impressed by the idea of a Minister for Holidays. What we want is a perpetual holiday for Ministers who shirk the problem of unwanted idleness for the unemployed.

* * *

Watch the coroners. They are planning voluntary reforms to forestall the drastic curbing of their powers which is sure to come.

As their sort of "reform" would leave unaltered the worst abuses of the coroners' courts, they'd better think again.

* * *

A ban for life should be imposed on footballers like the Deal player who "knocked out" a referee with kicks and blows.

* * *

Think of youngsters and women starting work at six a.m., of others finishing at ten p.m. That's what the Women and Young Persons Bill proposes with its two-shift system.

Would the supporters like it for their womenfolk and children?

* * *

All-in wrestling is described by the Vicar of Chesterfield as "one step back to the jungle." We hope this gross insult never reaches the jungle folk.

* * *

Good for you, H. G. Wells! Critics hail your film, "Things to Come," as the most momentous thing the kinema has ever done.

And, if its warnings of the ghastly effects of another world war strike home to all who see it, you will score the greatest achievement of our times.

If Sir John Simon finds it is true that London Jews are being terrorised, he must see that the law's strong arm falls on the terrorists. Any weaker measure will merely mock at Democracy.

* * *

Ex-associate of Jacob Factor and often exposed by us, Harry Geen has been ordered to pay £55 for pushing a lighted cigar into a man's eye.

This shocking assault convinces us that he would feel at home in Chicago—what a pity the Americans sent him back to Britain!

* * *

Now we know the reason for those monster vicarages that cripple many parsons. "They have to be adequate for any size of family," says a Church apologist.

Seems to us the bigger the family the less chance a poorly paid cleric has of maintaining a dreary mansion.

* * *

Our rulers get faint praise from us for deciding to test the Spahlinger treatment for tuberculosis.

They could have done so years ago. And, even now, how long will elapse before they decide whether the treatment is any good?

Meanwhile, 65,000 Britons die of the White Scourge every year.

* * *

The only surprising thing about the demand for towns to be allowed to spend as much as they please on advertising is that it should be necessary for them to make any such demand at all.

Everybody knows that advertising means better business—so let Parliament free our resorts from their financial shackles.

* * *

We most emphatically disagree with East Lothian education chiefs, who asked a would-be headmaster to what church he belonged.

A man's religious beliefs are his own affairs—or they should be.

* * *

So a new profession is to be created. "Planners" are to weld the work of the engineer and architect with that of the economist and politician—in order to help the ordered development of Britain.

But will the politicians act?

* * *

There must be no more trials of peers in the House of Lords! We've said that before; now it is laid down in Lord Sankey's Bill, which ends the laws passed by Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne.

What was good enough for the subjects of those excellent ladies isn't good enough for us.

* * *

Ministers are talking in frightened tones of an end to the building boom. All the more reason why they should stop the import of millions of cheap foreign bricks, baths and fireplaces.

* * *

There's nothing to marvel at in the bankrupt's confession that (apart from a year's Army service) he had "never done a day's work in his life" but made thousands by gambling.

We know a lot of City gentlemen who could say the same—only they'd call it "speculating" and not "gambling."

* * *

Don't waste sympathy on the shareholders of Fen Research, Ltd., which has come to grief. From the very outset we attacked its scheme of trying to find King John's buried treasure.

And we warned the public against sinking money in that other plan to seek for treasure in the Cocos Island, from which the treasure-hunters have again been expelled.

Nerves have a breaking point

DON'T DELAY!

Your Starved Nerves need

Dr. CASSELLS TREATMENT

Your head, your heart, your stomach, your back, your arms and your legs all have their own intricate nerve systems. All are connected to each other and to your brain. Some of these nerves are nearly two inches round—others are finer than a hair. Altogether there are thousands in your body. Your nerves control your Digestion, operate all your muscles; they transmit every ache or pain to your brain.

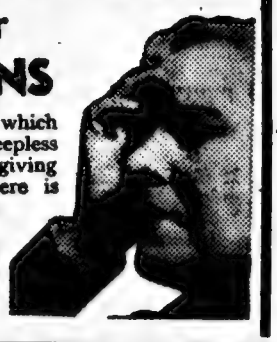
These plain facts help you to realise why *Nerve Weakness* has such an enormous influence over your health. Once your nerves have become impoverished, Body and Brain suffer; agonising Nerve Pains, Indigestion, loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Hysteria and acute Depression can all be traced directly to a weakened run-down Nervous System.

You can end your suffering only by realising that your NERVES are the cause of it. You should act at once, for only too often nerve symptoms end in complete Nervous Breakdown.

Your TRIGEMINAL NERVE

causes your

HEAD PAINS



Those throbbing head pains which leave you prostrate and sleepless are your Trigeminal Nerve giving you a warning that there is something very much amiss with your nerves. Dr. Cassells Tablets contain all the essential nutritive constituents which your nerves need.

Your RADIAL NERVE

causes your

NEURITIS

Left is a diagram of your Radial and Median Nerves which are the principal nerves of your arm. When these thick bundles of fibres become inflamed through weakness the pain becomes unbearable. Dr. Cassells Tablets will restore you to complete and lasting health.

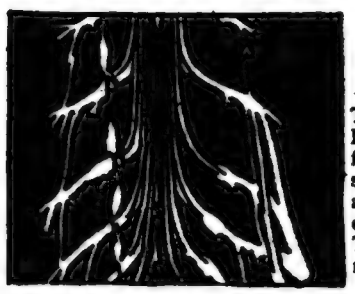
Your GASTRIC NERVES

cause your

INDIGESTION

When Gastric Nerves become impoverished symptoms of Nervous Dyspepsia result, causing flatulence, pain, acidity. You need Dr. Cassells Tablets. They are made from a scientific formula which gives permanent relief.

Your LUMBAR NERVE



causes your

BACKACHE

This diagram shows how the Lumbar Nerves emerge in pairs from the spinal column in the small of your back. Once weak and inflamed they cause painful, disabling backache. Dr. Cassells Tablets will bring back your nerves to health and strength.

REBUILD YOUR ENTIRE NERVOUS SYSTEM!

Dr. Cassells is a ***Nerve Treatment*** of the first grade. It contains ingredients to ***relieve*** your ***pain,*** to compose and clarify your mind. There are ***Nerve Foods*** to nourish your whole nervous system. There are ***Blood Tonics*** to enrich and purify your blood. There are life-giving ***Mineral Salts*** to put a new healthy 'backbone' into your whole constitution.

Dr. Cassells Tablets contain every essential ***Nerve Nutrient. You feel the benefit from the first dose.*** You are soothed and calmed, your nerves are no longer on edge. The haunting fear of a sudden uncontrollable outburst quickly leave you. ***You begin to sleep better.*** Don't neglect yourself, start a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets to-day! **Prices—6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-**

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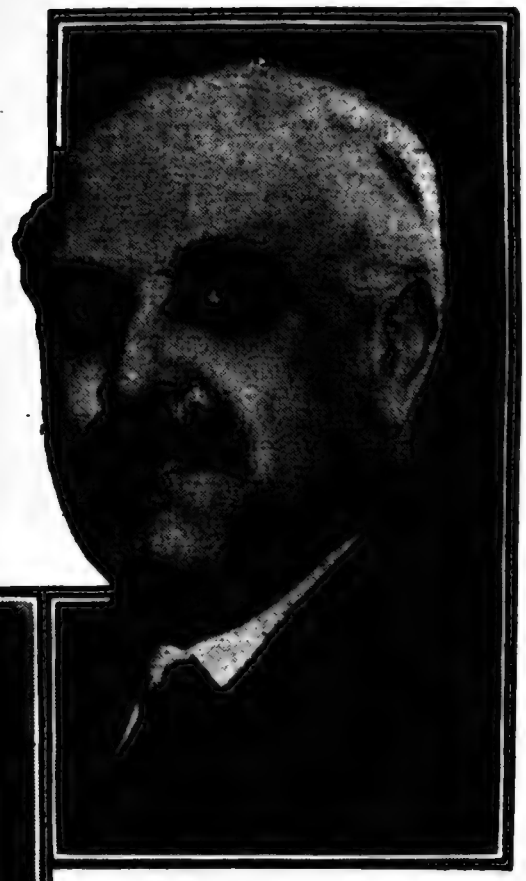
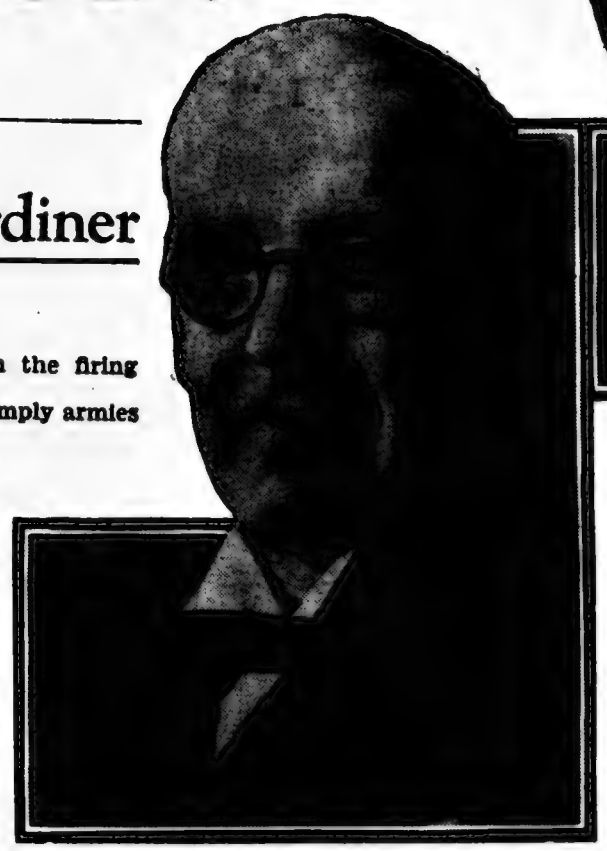
Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE *of* **HEAD PAINS, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BACKACHE, INDIGESTION, LOSS of APPETITE, SLEEPLESSNESS, ANÆMIA, DIZZINESS, HYSTERIA, DEPRESSION, BREAKDOWN**

Who Shall be MINISTER of DEFENCE?



"He might be a lawyer, like Lord Macmillan (left), or might be a business man, like Sir Josiah Stamp"



by A. G. Gardiner

THESE are anxious days. All the Continent is an armed camp, seething with fears and rumours and suspicions, and we ourselves are now on the brink of the whirlpool. The hopes of disarmament have vanished, and instead we are faced with a world arming as feverishly as it armed in 1914, and confronted with the hideous fact we, too, are about to join in the deadly race that may end where the fever of 1914 ended.

In a few days the Government will present the Defence Plan on the preparation of which it has been engaged for weeks past. That, however we may deplore the fact, is its plain duty. The maintenance of peace and the security of this country in the event of the breakdown of peace are the first obligations that rest upon any Government, and the Government that failed to discharge them would be hurled from office at the first hint of its failure.

Only goal

But in awaiting the Defence Plan, let us be clear what should be its objective. I have bracketed Peace and Security as the two main tasks of government.

Truly understood, they are not opposed tasks. They are complementary.

In seeking security we must seek it as the instrument of peace. We must not seek it in deference to the evil maxim "Si vis pacem, para bellum." That is the maxim of the warmonger.

It leads to competitive armament, and competitive armaments always have and always will issue in war.

It will be the business of the House of Commons to see that nothing in the Defence Plan is provocative or exceeds the strict limits of security. It must not be a threat of war, but a guarantee of peace. It must be a warning that the disturber will understand, couched in terms and sustained by a policy directed to making security under the League of Nations the only goal that any country can afford to pursue.

Given the governing principle, let us consider how the Defence Plan can implement it. A vast expenditure on re-armament is imminent. Two conditions are necessary. The spending must be intelligent and it must be unaccompanied by profligacy and profiteering.

These conditions require an entirely new mechanism to control the spending. The machinery of the past is hopelessly out of date. War has been revolutionised by modern science.

It is no longer limited to professional armies and professional navies. It involves the whole nation. We are all in the firing line.

The objective is not simply armies in the field or warships at sea. It is the civilian population everywhere, the railways behind the lines, the munition factories hundreds of miles away, the power stations, everything that contributes to the ordered life of a community. The purpose is not to break the morale of armies, but to strike terror into the heart of the nation.

This means that the problem of defence has become vaster and infinitely more complex. It is no longer enough to hand out money to the Army and Navy and leave them to do the rest. The Air has changed all that. The Defence Plan we need is one that co-ordinates all the factors—the striking force on land, the Navy at sea, merchant shipping and railways, munition factories and clothing factories, food supplies and every phase of industry.

In a word, we want, as Mr. Attlee said in the House of Commons the other day, a defence organisation that will give us "unity of supreme direction, unity of plan and unity of outlook."

There is not one strategy of the land, another of the sea, another of the air. There must be one strategy that mobilises all the elements of defence on a single plan of campaign, stressing the Army here, the Navy there, the Air arm elsewhere, the flow of munitions, the security of the towns, the food supply, transport and not least the spirit of the nation.

For this mobilisation we must have a unity of control that does not at present exist. All parties are agreed on the necessity of a Ministry of Defence that will give us that unity.

This Ministry must have at its command all the best technical advice—military, naval, aerial, scientific, industrial—that is available. But the Minister at the head of it must be a civilian who has no prepossession for this service or that, and whose task it will be to work all the parts of the defence scheme into an effective whole.

Admirable! But who is the man who can be entrusted with this gigantic task? It cannot be the Prime Minister, whoever he may be, for such an office would be a whole-time job for a Napoleon or a Cæsar, and would leave the Prime Minister no time for his own proper duties.

Moreover, the Minister of Defence, great as his power and responsibility must be, must not be a Dictator. He must be subject to the Cabinet and to Parliament. And if the Prime Minister filled both offices he would be a Dictator indeed. How could he as Prime Minister sit in judgment upon his own decisions as Minister of Defence?

The very best

I have seen several names mentioned, Mr. MacDonald's, Lord Halifax's, Mr. Churchill's for example.

Two of these I would reject out of hand for widely different reasons. I will not specify the two—they ought to be obvious—but I suggest that the qualities required for so great a task are coolness of judgment, the power of weighing evidence, the capacity to listen patiently to every view, and the faculty of decision. Further, he should be neither militarist nor pacifist in any extreme sense.

It is not for me to suggest where the jewel we are in search of is to be found.

But I do suggest that the search should not be restricted to the Cabinet or even to Parliament.

The post is so vital that we should be satisfied with nothing short of the best man available wherever he may be found, whether among lawyers such as Lord Macmillan, who has one of the most capacious and best-ordered minds of the time, or among business men, such as Sir Josiah Stamp, who has had vast experience of handling great problems of practical organisation.

But wherever he is found, he should be chosen.

Not the least of the duties of the Defence Ministry will be the organisation of industry for the turn-over to armament construction.

And in this connection certain aims should be kept sternly in mind.

The Ministry should set its face like a flint against profiteering.

Nor should this diversion of industry to armaments be allowed to work such havoc as was done to normal trade in the war years—havoc from which our staple industries are still suffering, and from some of which they will never recover. We live by commerce, and must take care that the manufacture of armaments does not destroy the industry by which we pay for them.

There is another point to be borne in mind. Since we are driven to this wasteful expenditure, let us at least see that it serves one useful industrial purpose—that of bringing a stimulus into the depressed areas that are one of the most tragic consequences of the Great War.

And finally, let us not forget that in setting up the Defence Ministry we are setting it up to make peace more secure by making war too dangerous a gamble for others to indulge in.

That means that, side by side with this defensive armament, the Government must intensify its efforts to make the cause of collective peace triumphant.

Only then can we turn back hopefully to the idea of collective disarmament.

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I RUINED my CHILD

by A Too-Easy Mother

Strictly Anonymous . .

PEOPLE may sneer at old-fashioned ideas about bringing up children and talk a lot of nonsense about giving youth its head. But I'm a mother who believes in the old, old truth about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. I didn't always hold this view, which is the reason why I have a story to tell.

My own parents were of the old school who looked upon it as their duty to give their children a rigorous upbringing.

"Life's quite likely to prove a hard battle for them when they grow up," they argued. "Better let them understand at once that they can't expect to do just as they please!"

Suffering under a thousand imagined grievances, and with bitterness rankling in my heart, I grew up with steadfast conviction that my life was being blighted by my parents' iron rule, and with an ever-increasing yearning for freedom.

I registered a secret vow that if ever I had children of my own, *their* lives should be different; they should have the freedom I had been denied; they would be able to develop their individuality without being checked and frustrated at every turn.

Then, finally, I rebelled openly. All my smouldering resentment welled up one day and I ran away from my parents' home, never to return.

For a time I revelled in my newly-found freedom. I told myself that I was tasting the joy of life for the first time; I was answerable to no one—no one, that is, except myself; and I thought I knew just how life ought to be lived.

At the early age of eighteen, therefore, I embarked upon the perilous sea of matrimony, full of confidence in the future. My husband was six years my senior, but I was devoted to him, and he was very kind to me.

OUR early married life was supremely happy, and when a daughter was born to us we found new interests in weaving rosy dreams for her future.

It was here, though, that my husband and I discovered the first bone of contention between us. He did not at all fall in with my "new-fangled" theories about giving a child absolute freedom; in fact, his views appeared to be precisely similar to those of my own parents.

Home life, he declared, was all the better if it were austere; children must be made to understand early that life holds certain fixed responsibilities for everyone and is not just a question of doing whatever you like.

No child of mine, I retorted, should ever be made miserable. Love and affection ought to come before pompous, parental dignity. . . .

"All right," he answered in a conciliatory tone; "but I shouldn't overdo the 'love and affection'; there are many times, you know, when one must be cruel to be kind."

As the years went on she showed great promise and a particular aptitude for music. I did everything I could to encourage her; she must have the best tuition we could possibly afford.

Thinking only of her natural cleverness and the splendid musical career which now seemed a certainty, I indulged her childish fancies in every way I could, and blinded myself to all her faults.

One failing, which pained me, but of which I made light, thinking that it was something she would soon outgrow, was a habit of helping herself to anything that might be left lying about.

I chided her, of course, but not in the stern way to which I had been accustomed in my own childhood. I tried to reason with her in kindly, motherly fashion.

And, foolishly (as I now know to my cost), I would forgive her immediately, kiss her and reassure her that she need not fear any punishment, as I would not tell her father "*this* time."

I thus covered up many a childish peccadillo, knowing full well that had I spoken to her father he would have punished her with the utmost severity. I knew that he had no mercy for wrong-doers of any kind, for he was a magistrate, and apart from his firm views about home training, maintained a very rigorous code of what he termed justice.

SO things drifted from bad to worse; and I allowed them to drift. My feelings may well be imagined when one day my daughter's music teacher complained to me that certain trinkets were missing from his house.

I searched the child's room, found the missing articles and returned them with all possible speed and profuse apologies, pretending that I would take the young pilferer very severely to task.

But I did nothing, still clinging to the fond illusion that as my girl grew up and became more immersed in her musical training she would lose her weakness for taking pretty things, as a matter of course.

Then came a climax one day when I opened my front door in answer to a loud knock to find a policeman on the step. Was I Mrs. B——? I was; very well, then, he would be obliged if I would accompany him to the police station.

I went with him as in a dream and found my poor little girl, white-faced and trembling.

"Tell them I didn't mean it, mummy!" she implored, sobbing; but the trouble now was not the kind that could be brushed aside with loving words and a forgiving kiss.

She had rifled one of her school teacher's handbags and had taken a £1 note to treat her classmates.

What could I do? I had to break the dreadful news to my husband, and never till my dying day shall I forget the look of anguish that overspread his features while I pleaded with him to use his influence to get the case hushed up and secure my daughter's release.

"No," he replied firmly. "She has done wrong, and if she is not taught a lesson now she will almost certainly do wrong again. I have seen too many examples of misplaced leniency not to know what is best in cases of this sort."

I pleaded and argued with him in vain. He repeated that it was for the child's own good. In my anger and despair I left him.

Worse was to follow. Several other small articles that had been stolen at the school were found by detectives in my child's desk at home. At the initial police court enquiry it was stated that I was as bad as my daughter, as I must have known the things were not hers.

And then, of course, lots of the little lapses that I had previously hushed up came to light, with the result that my husband declared that he had finished with us both.

When my poor child finally appeared before the magistrates I pleaded in vain for leniency, admitting that I was fully to blame for all that had happened, and urging that my husband would be well fitted to take care of our child and ensure that she never erred again.

After some deliberation this course was decided upon. My husband, being well known as a responsible person, was allowed the custody of the child, while I was left to go my own way with the terrible realisation that I had failed in my duty as a mother.

My husband moved away immediately after this, and for twelve long years I had no tidings of the child whom I had ruined by misplaced kindliness.

Then came a terrible shock. Meeting my husband's sister accidentally, I learned for the first time that he had died through brain trouble, brought about by his daughter's wickedness!

I at once started a frantic search for my girl, and the bitterness of our meeting when I finally ran her to earth is something upon which I do not care to dwell.

She had been married, but had deserted her husband and a lovely baby boy and had since been in prison for theft.

Now, she declared, she did not care what became of her.

I sought to comfort her and reassure her in the way I had done so often in her childhood; but now she turned upon me and upbraided me fiercely, blaming me as the sole cause of her downfall and saying that if I had not been too easy with her in dealing with those early lapses her life would not have been ruined.

THE grim truth underlying her scathing words cut me to the quick; I could do nothing but turn away in shame. I have never seen her since; whether she has ever been able to bring herself to forgive me or not, I do not know. I have never forgiven myself.

I, at least, have learnt my lesson. Married again, with other children to bring up, I now know that the old-fashioned notion about sparing the rod is right.

And when my little ones complain that they have a terribly strict mummy, I no longer have to fight against the temptation to "kill them with kindness."

I know at last, from experience so bitterly gained, that it has left an indelible scar upon my heart, that the hard rule is the best rule.

I do beg of readers who are young and have happy homes not to chafe against parental control. If you only knew it, it is usually guided by a protective instinct, full of love and kindliness.

When, after some years, I found her again she upbraided me fiercely, blaming me as the cause of her downfall. I turned away in shame

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

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Sir Wyndham Childs asks:

WHERE'S *their* CHARITY?

ON a number of occasions in recent years Government spokesmen have held out hopes that Parliamentary time would be allowed for legislation to curb superfluous charities, and so protect the public from what I have reason to state is by far the most unscrupulous form of exploitation being practised to-day.

Every week the racket, for it is nothing else, is spreading, and it has now reached such dimensions all over the country that it seems impossible that effective action can be delayed much longer.

I have often expressed general condemnation of the ease with which anyone can start and conduct without the least hindrance a supposed charity fund, unless it is one for the blind, in which case registration is compulsory. It has been suggested that I should now give the public an intimate view of what goes on behind the scenes in one or more of these redundant and private profit-making charities.

This is an easy request to comply with. So similar are the methods by which the racket is being carried on everywhere in the country that I could select any city, town or county for illustration and the revelations of the magnitude and manner of the scandal would be almost identical in each case.

I have decided to take Bournemouth as an example.

To understand thoroughly the basis of this kind of charity organisation, my readers should keep in mind that societies or associations of this type in their areas are usually patterns or branches of supposed responsible bodies with headquarters in London.

These often imitate genuine charities by using the word "National" in their titles, but they have no status whatsoever and have been brought into existence as purely commercial units, first and foremost to provide their creators with a source of income.

Test investigation

One of them is called the National Distress Relief Association, with central offices in Lower Regent Street, London, which is conducted by a Mrs. B. Harrison-Wright and a Mrs. P. E. Thomson.

Its activities, which, from the imposing name of the organisation, might be thought to be supplementary to the official public assistance schemes, are carried on over the length and breadth of the country, but, primarily, the N.D.R.A. exists for the benefit of the individuals who appeal to the public for money in its name.

I had no evidence when I selected Bournemouth for a test investigation that the N.D.R.A. actually had a branch in that town, but my expectation that it would have one was soon fulfilled. I will first examine the affairs of that branch.

It was formed, by appointing agents from London, exactly a year ago, and it now has a regiment of paid canvassers and collectors operating in towns and villages far afield from Bournemouth. Incidentally, these people receive their wages and substantial commissions as a first charge on the collection boxes, and next come the salaries of the local officials.

Breakfast centre

They occupy an office, the walls of which are covered with maps pricked with tiny flags showing the disposition and movements of their army of professional cadgers across the countryside. The balance of the money brought in is remitted to London, and from it, of course, the higher officials of the queer association have to get their picking.

Until recently the Bournemouth administration was in charge of a woman named Miss Constance Rickards. I sent a representative to call upon her to ask why her connection with the N.D.R.A. had now been severed.

Her reply was that she was inquisitive about the manner in which the money obtained from the public was being used and could not obtain information regarding the distribution of the amounts sent to London.

Miss Rickards said she was driven to visit the headquarters in London to point out that the association was continuously gathering in money in Bournemouth without showing any evidence that it was being used for charitable purposes there.

In consequence of her repeated representations she was authorised to start a breakfast centre for necessitous children in a single room of a private house some miles from the centre of Bournemouth, but she agreed that this effort was only a semblance of charity, and the very small expenditure upon it was completely disproportionate to the amount of money flowing in from the public. She made the illuminating revelation that in some weeks the whole of the money obtained by door-to-door collection was used to pay salaries, wages and commission.

Sir George Stewart Robertson, Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, could destroy this racket if it were made compulsory for all charities to be registered and supervised as benevolent societies

What did this Miss Rickards do when she parted company with the N.D.R.A. three months ago?

She rented an office on the opposite side of the street, papered its walls with maps and flags, formed a new body called the Bournemouth and District Relief Association, appointed herself president of it at a salary, and proceeded to form a corps of paid collectors with contracts that they would also receive pay during holidays and for a month's sickness every year.

One person cannot, of course, constitute an association, so Miss Rickards next brought in an honorary secretary in the person of a Mrs. E. G. Richardson, who is reputed to be a lady of wealth and benevolent spirit. That may be so, but her description as an honorary official is unjustified. She was, I find, engaged also on a salary basis.

When my representative visited Bournemouth the other day he found the offices of Miss Rickard's association in a state of tumult, with a policeman endeavouring to restore peace between the president and the secretary in front of a bewildered crowd of collectors waiting to receive their wages from the collection boxes.

Mrs. Richardson declared that it was she who had to summon police help because she had been assaulted and ejected when she had called to demand arrears of salary; Miss Rickards asserted that it was she who had to call the police because the work of the association had been rudely disturbed.

What had caused this quarrel?

To explain it, it is necessary to introduce a third person, Mr. Gus Grose, whom Mrs. Richardson and Miss Rickards had appointed at a salary to be treasurer and manager of their ridiculous association.

Let me say here that there is this much to be admired about Mr. Gus Grose—he says plainly that he is in the charity game as a business.

A few days ago Mr. Grose and Mrs. Richardson went with Miss Rickards to the bank to make an examination of the association's account. They squabbled about the allocation of the funds, and there and then the association as a working group was dissolved.

Miss Rickards certainly has not resigned. She is now in sole possession of her precious association.

My representative pointed out to Miss Rickards that one of her complaints against the National Distress Relief Association, by which she was previously employed, was that it had no local committee. She was asked to name the members of the committee of her new association.

"There is Mrs. McGregor," she replied.

Mrs. McGregor, let me explain, receives 35s. a week from the association for providing a room in her house in which, on an average, six children receive daily a plate of porridge and a cup of tea!

This is the limit of this kind of charitable work by these upstart organisations in Bournemouth. It is only a pretence and a disguise for private profit-making, and it provides a legal cloak for drawing money so freely from the public.

Now, what did Mr. Gus Grose do when he broke away from the Bournemouth and District Relief Association a few days ago?

He merely crossed the street to the offices of the National Distress Relief Association and was immediately appointed manager of that equally strange organisation—the post once occupied by Miss Rickards.

Fair exchange, I suppose, is no robbery.

Widespread evil

This insight to what happens behind the scenes in the charity racket must not be regarded only as a local revelation. The same fantastic kind of thing is going on in every part of the country. The public at large is being exploited because, although all these organisations keep within the law by performing some kind of charitable service, subscribers can have no real idea of the extent to which their money is used for salaries and expenses.

Yet it would be a simple matter to devise means of ending this scandal. If, for instance, it were made compulsory for all charities to be registered and brought under the supervision of the Registrar of Friendly Societies, the racket would be very effectively scotched. The day when some such measures will be adopted surely cannot be much longer postponed.

A Sure Shield

PICTURE a modest home on a new estate near Cardiff, a house with a garden in front, and with a still larger garden and an outhouse at the back, carpet up the stairs . . . the dream of married happiness come true!

A cloudless horizon, nothing to worry about, fairly secure employment, no bad debts, only the rent to pay regularly, the rates, the licence for the wireless set, and one for the dog.

True, there is the piano—the man calls for the money every Monday; but as long as Thomas is in good health, everybody is paid; there is no aftermath.

But wise the man who takes precautions against the visitation of the wolf that unfailingly looks in every door, seeking his opportunity. The Happy Family was wise in that it left nothing undone that could be done.

For there came a day when the breadwinner was taken ill, and so was unable to follow his employment. Stricken with a mysterious ailment, he lay ill. The doctor was called, and in an hour or two the ambulance from the Isolation Hospital was at the door.

* * *

First of all the husband, then the wife, and the modest home had necessarily to be left in the care of a friend. In a day or two, the pleasant prospect was shattered.

Diphtheria!

Surprising the number of people who go down with it, yet there is still the rent to pay, the numerous little bills to settle, all the sundry expenses incurred in time of sickness to be met.

Happy the man who takes precautions as our reader did, for he was covered, and, being a registered reader of JOHN BULL, was soon the recipient of our Sickness Benefit for both himself and his wife.

What about you, if your turn should come? All you have to do is to fill in the form on page 33.

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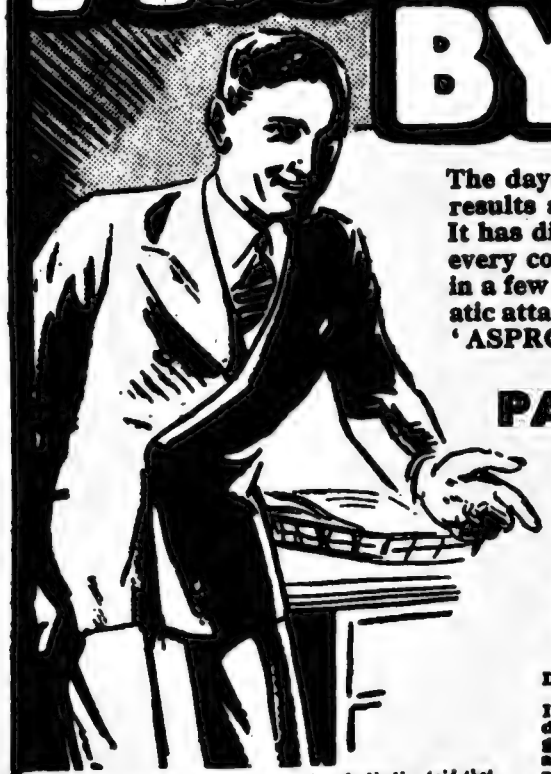

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'ASPRO'
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Dear Sirs,
Just a few words of praise for 'ASPRO.' I had some teeth extracted and for three days I had untold agony through aching gums and someone suggested 'ASPRO,' and the first two tablets gave instant relief.
I am, Yours truly,
V. WITHERS.

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stores,
Lawford, Essex.
Dear Sir,
I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.
Yours gratefully,
C. MAYTHORN.

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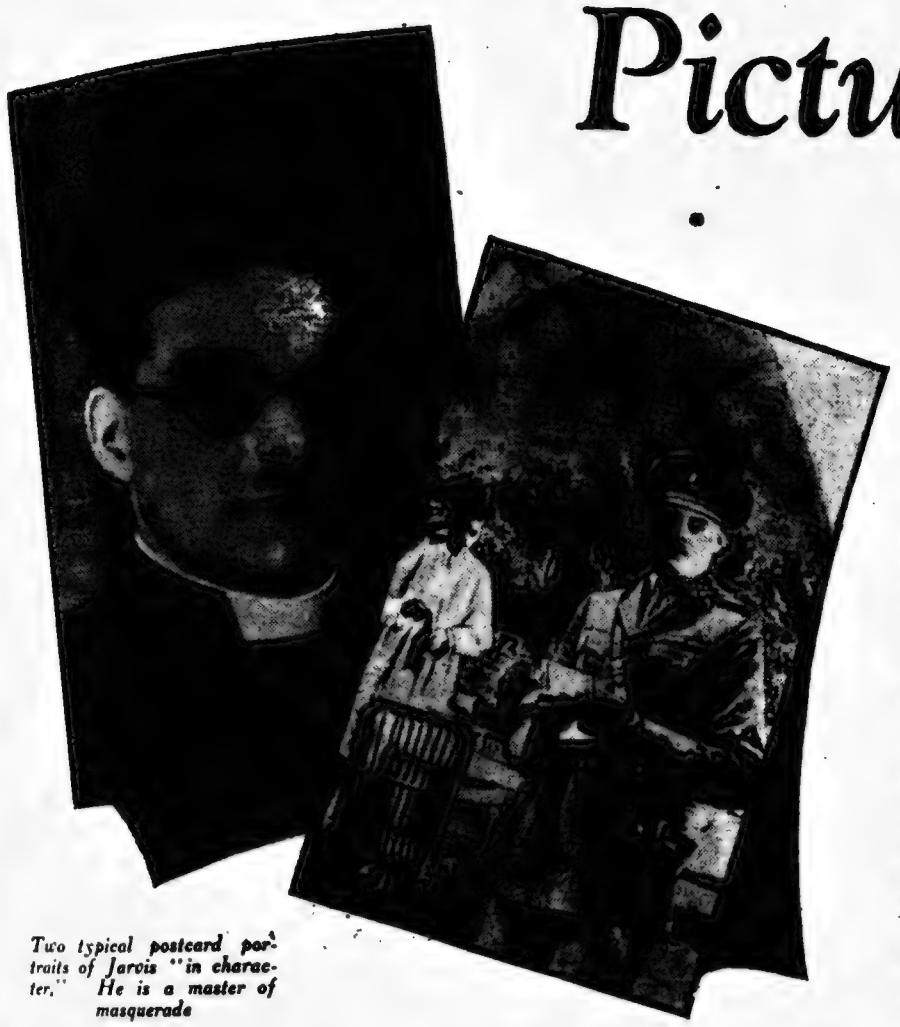
The Reverend *Picture Postcard* FRAUD



Two typical postcard portraits of Jarvis "in character." He is a master of masquerade

AT the head of this article readers will see two photographs. The original of one is inscribed—rather in the manner of people connected with the theatrical profession:

"Yours very sincerely, Rev. George Jarvis, B.A."

Now the "Rev. George Jarvis," according to his own statement (and who would doubt the story of an avowed clergyman of the Church of England?), was recently a curate in the Diocese of St. Albans.

He was also greatly in demand for mission and preaching relief in the suburbs of London. Indeed, he flitted from place to place.

Colourful life

And before he was ordained priest he had a most colourful career, being an officer in the British Army during the war; an official of the Bank of England, where he was engaged in the department where Treasury notes are printed; and then a policeman of the Metropolitan Force, working mainly as a detective of the Criminal Investigation Department.

When the first report of this very busy clergyman came to us there were several aspects that seemed to call for elucidation.

Enquiries, therefore, have been made concerning his picturesque claims, and as a result we can warn the public that the "Rev. George Jarvis" is a bogus cleric He has no right to the dress he wears or the titles he assumes.

Let us take one case as an example of the manner in which the "Rev. George Jarvis" practises. It illustrates his methods.

Some months ago Jarvis became acquainted with a young woman employed as a dressmaker and living in rooms in Manchester Street, London.

The meeting was entirely a chance one, and conversation first arose over some flowers which Jarvis declared he was buying to take to a hospital. In the course of the talk which followed Jarvis, who, remember, was properly clothed as a clergyman, secured the woman's address.

Later he called on her at her home—apparently a kind of pastoral visit—and afterwards became regular in his attendance at the house at times when the young woman had finished her daily work.

Always he played the part of a parson. He conducted prayers in the apartment and arranged a small altar for his offices. He induced the woman, who is a clever embroiderer, to make him a valuable altar cloth, which he took away, saying that he would use it in his own private chapel at St. Albans.

Incidentally, he confided in the woman that he was a widower, and proposed marriage to her. He even went so far as to hand her a ring which she was to treasure against the day of the wedding.

One day Jarvis came to the house with a show of grave distress. He declared that owing to his attentions on the young woman he had failed to be present at a service which he should have conducted in his church at St. Albans.

Suspended

As a result he had been suspended from duty by his vicar and his stipend cheque had been stopped. Supporting this a letter was produced, headed with a St. Albans address, and containing a strict reprimand—"you left a congregation of three hundred souls to await you in vain."

With his quiet persuasion, Jarvis induced the unfortunate young woman to contribute to him a weekly allowance of thirty shillings until his stipend was restored, and in addition he sponged on her in many other ways.

During his period of "suspension," Jarvis announced that he was 'living at Church House, Westminster, with forty other clergymen." On one occasion, using the excuse that he was holding a small gathering of clergy in his Church House rooms, he borrowed a coffee set, and conveniently forgot to return it.

To emphasise his lies that he was in demand for special services in different parishes, Jarvis sent telegrams to the woman from various places. He even pretended that he had to attend the Church Congress at Bournemouth last autumn.

For several weeks the young woman paid to Jarvis the regular thirty shillings. She acted in complete good faith, thinking that she was aiding a devout clergyman, and on the understanding that the money would be returned to her when the man was drawing his stipend again.

Finally, she became suspicious, because the suspended stipend seemed to be delayed indefinitely, and went to Church House to see her clergyman friend.

There, of course, she discovered the fact that Church House has no residential section; that the building is given over to offices and meeting halls.

Nobody at Church House knew the Rev. George Jarvis, of the Diocese of St. Albans, and she was assured that no such clergyman existed.

When tackled with his callous deceit, Jarvis made an attempt to brazen it out. He swore that everything he had said was true, and he even rattled off a string of names—"the other clergymen who are living with me at Church House."

But no doubt realising there was no chance of further money from that source, the "Rev. George Jarvis" faded out and disappeared.

Now we will supply other details concerning this bogus cleric. His real name is George Payne, or at least that is the name under which he rents a flat in Dulwich.

When he is not the "Rev. George Jarvis," he is the "Rev. George Payne." He has no recognised occupation except that of masquerading as a clergyman, and extracting money from gullible members of the public.

Often he carries about a stock of his own photographs in clerical attire and different attitudes. He has been heard to boast that he can sell these postcard photographs at ten shillings each to women whom he persuades to support his "church and charitable work."

Blatant fake

Whenever the stories told by this impostor are tested they break down. He lies clumsily, as witness his statement of "living at Church House." At St. Albans he is unknown in connection with any church or religious movement at all.

Among other rôles to which he has pretended is that of being a member of the Metropolitan Police, detailed for plain clothes duty.

He also claims that he was an officer in the Army during the war, and he displays a photograph in uniform "taken when I was in Egypt in 1914."

That photograph—like Jarvis himself—is just a blatant fake. For Jarvis, according to his picturesque account, was an officer in a Fusilier battalion. The photograph depicts him as a lieutenant in the 10th Hussars. Moreover, this photograph with an Egyptian scene was taken in a Strand, London, studio. Jarvis supplied the picture background, a cut-out of the uniform and of his face, and requested that copies should be made.

His various pretences stamp him as a dangerous, unscrupulous rascal who should be given a wide berth.

The Human Machine

See the TRUTH!

ONE of the surest signs of a small and petty mind is instinctive opposition. There is nothing that has hindered the world's progress more. There is nothing that has caused more hardship and suffering. There is nothing that has broken more hearts and destroyed more ideals.

Discussion is good. Argument is good. Difference of opinion is admirable. Out of argument, truth always emerges sooner or later. But it must be real argument. It must be reason opposed to reason, knowledge opposed to knowledge.

Individuals are apt to oppose a proposed solution of a problem because of the source from which that solution comes—irrespective of any merit it may have.

It's not reason. It's not thought. It's not human. *Our job is to think. Every time and all the time our job is to use our brains and reason things out for ourselves. There is no other recipe for progress.*

There is no merit in consistency for its own sake. There is no virtue in principle for its own sake. If we have reached a principle by way of reason and conviction, then by all means let us stick to it though the whole world says we are wrong. But for heaven's sake let us have the courage to say we are wrong if the world can demonstrably prove us to be mistaken.

Consistency is far too often confused with obstinacy; and that is one of the major vices of mankind. The world changes. Let us be prepared to change with it.

Our job is to know and welcome truth, no matter whence it comes. If we arrogate to ourselves a right to be above truth, merely because we don't happen to like her messengers, then we have taken on a job of which an archangel might very well fight shy!

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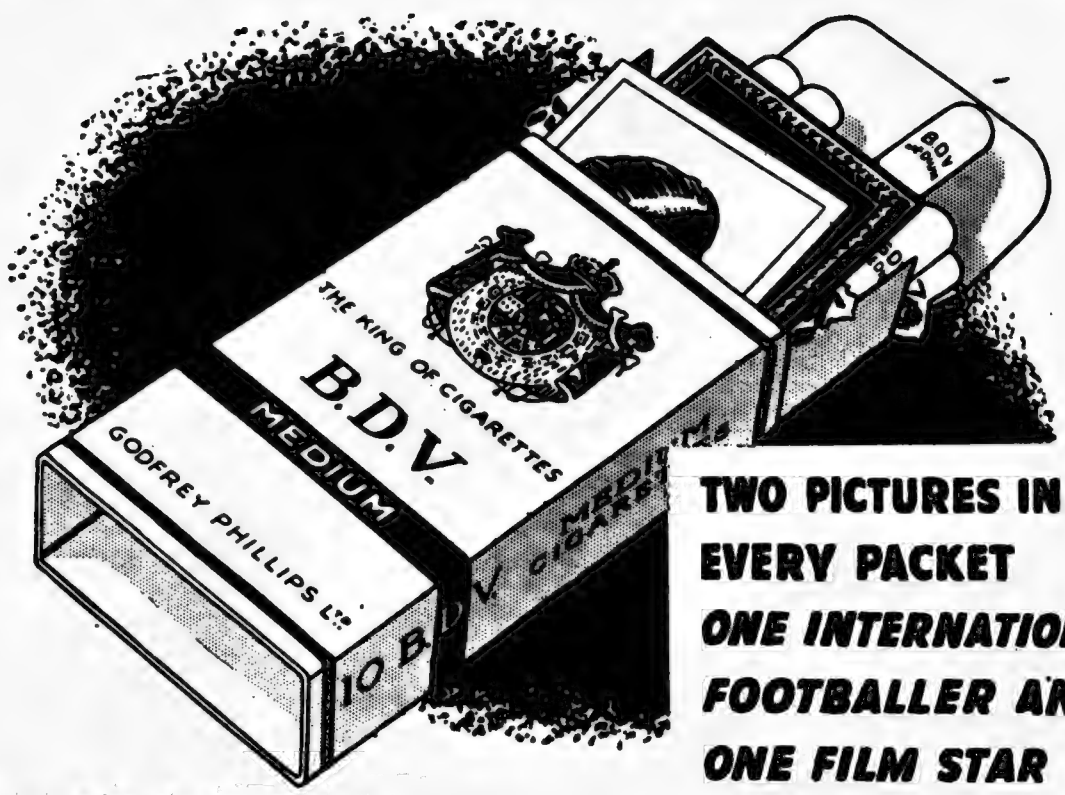

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MEAN *with* *Millions to Spend*

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, the Minister of Health, raised the hopes of millions recently when he foretold increased benefits from national insurance funds.

Yet, in the face of plenty, hardship is all too often the lot of men and women who contribute year after year in the belief they are insured against emergency. Numerous complaints reach us which indicate that far too many people fail to receive the benefits to which they are morally entitled.

Why there should be any need for cheeseparing is difficult to understand.

The revenue pouring into the Government from health and pensions contributions alone leapt up by more than £2,000,000 last year.

And Sir William Beveridge, chairman of a committee that is looking into unemployment insurance, has inspired new confidence in the Cinderella of "Insurances" by manipulating a surplus of over £18,000,000!

There is clearly no need for parsimony. No insured man or woman should live in want. National insurance is an integral part of the country's existence; a safeguard against the evils of Bumbledom, a remedy for the humiliation associated with "charitable" awards.

We could cite scores of glaring cases which reveal a needless and unreasoning application of red-tape rules.

Tragedy

One typically distressing instance is that of an impoverished family who, while waiting at home for the return of an unemployed father who had cycled to the labour exchange to draw the "dole," learned that he had been killed in a street accident

The man was fully insured, his wife and family depended on his insurance benefit for food and rent; yet the Unemployment Insurance authorities, with unswerving regard for regulations, declared that they were not empowered to pay allowances in respect of a dead person.

The dead man himself obviously could not sign the register for his unemployment benefit; and his widow made application for help in vain. Surely regulations could have been waived.

Then there is the case of a man who, falling out of work, started to draw benefit for the woman he earnestly believed to be his mother. In due course he got a job married and settled down.

Later the woman he had always regarded as his mother died, and not till after her death was it discovered that she was in reality a foster-parent, and that he had been christened in quite another name.

The young wife went to get the register altered in the customary manner, with the result that the Ministry of Labour insurance authorities learned that the husband had drawn benefit for someone who was not his real mother.

It mattered nothing that the kindly foster-parent had reared the man from his birth, or that he owed more than a debt of gratitude to her. That he had known no other mother was not taken into official reckoning. *The Unemployment Insurance authorities demanded, and secured, the refund of every penny-piece it had paid out!*

There is no need to dwell on the hardship that was thus needlessly inflicted upon a young married couple setting out on their career after passing through difficult times. Just one more tragedy of red-tape relentlessness.

Again, resident at Streatham, in South London, there is a man who, insured against ill-health, for pensions and against unemployment, met with a street accident.

Knocked down by a motor-car, his skull was twice fractured, and he sustained multiple injuries from which he nearly died. Had his employers not taken up his case, meeting the initial outlay, things would have gone very badly with him

But with financial backing, he was successful in a claim for compensation, gaining an award of £1,000. But he is incapacitated for life, he will never work again; so, in these circumstances, the money paid him in compensation is not an over-generous sum.

Immediately it was paid over, however, the National Health Insurance authorities not only ceased to pay the man benefit, but actually demanded a refund of every penny he had so far received since the day of the accident.

Such exacting meanness of spirit could only be justified if there were a shortage of funds.

When a huge surplus exists it is inexcusable.

Now consider the experience of a foundryman at Walsall, in Staffordshire,

He pays his share of Health and Unemployment Insurance regularly, thinking it a safeguard against adversity, but red tape may cheat him in the end

who started an "agency" while in regular work.

He sold things to his friends, thus adding 7s. 6d. to his income. When he fell out of work, he carried on, doing a little casual work on Saturday afternoons.

But when the Ministry of Labour learned of his thrifty enterprise, it rewarded his industry by stopping one-half of the sum he was entitled to draw.

Benefit denied

At Windsor there is a young married man who was employed by the same firm for nine years before he married and set up in business on his own account.

For nine years he paid into national health, pensions and unemployment insurances, without ever drawing on the funds. His wife was a civil servant before her marriage, and she, too, was insured.

Yet when the other day they made application for maternity benefit, the husband was informed that since his employer had failed to stamp his cards—as he should have done—the moneys could not be paid.

No proceedings of any kind have been launched against the defaulting employer, and the only satisfaction the young man has so far had is an invitation to make good his employer's deficit and pay up the accumulated arrears himself.

This situation would be farcical but for the injustice of it, for it means that he must part with more than 30s. in order to recover £2!

Learning of such cases, one might be led to think that National Insurance is a gilt-edged security, a profit-making development.

The moneys are intended for distribution, and there is no occasion for the accumulation of a colossal surplus so long as adequate reserves are maintained.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

School for Heroes!

WHERE are the actors that we knew
In days of long ago?
They did not, like the moderns, coo
In voices soft and low,
Or lounge round smoking cigarettes
Like well-conducted marionettes.

When drama was dramatic and
Its mimes both seen and heard,
The hero's speeches got a hand,
The villain's got the bird,
And whispers in a maiden's ear
Were meant for all the world to hear.

Now entertainment-lovers are
Faced with a dismal choice:
While talkies talk too much by far,
The stage has lost its voice;
Its servants cannot grasp the fact
That actors are employed to act!

While citizens suffering from the verbal assault and battery of Yankee wisecrackers may regret the passing of the silent screen, none can detect anything golden in the almost-silent stage.

Nowanights too many mummers seem to think that, like little children, they should be seen and not heard. For fear of being labelled "ham," they carry on conversations in the confidential undertones of mourners exchanging unfavourable views anent the dear departed.

But it is one thing to endorse Sir Cedric Hardwicke's criticism of stage inaudibility and quite another to desire the robustious declamation of the days when actors, laddie, were actor-r-rs!

Consider, f'instance, the hoary situation in which, at the 59th minute of the eleventh hour, a relief party arrives to rescue the hero, lost in an African forest or Arabian desert. Under the old screech-as-screech-can rules this demanded perfervid orations from both rescuers and rescued, with appropriate allusions to (a) the Union Jack, (b) the bulldog breed, (c) the boys thereof.

Yet when Airmen Ellsworth and Kenyon were rescued, after having been lost for months in the Antarctic, the leader of the rescue party inexcusably omitted to exclaim: "Thank God we are in time!" Furthermore, Ellsworth neglected to refer to "dreadful weeks spent in this hell of ice," and Kenyon even forgot to speak the line: "Well, at least we kept the flag flying!" before swooning in the arms of the nearest super.

What actually happened is that Kenyon, spotlessly clean, strolled forth to greet the rescue party with: "I say, it's awfully decent of you fellows to drop in on us like this."

Seeing that the stage is supposed to hold the mirror up to life, what can dramatists and actors do if real-life heroes behave in this discouraging manner?

While stoutness of heart may, of course,
play its part
In helping a hero to mould,
Mere pluck's not enough if he can't do
his stuff
In a manner attractively bold.
It is time we had schools, with appropriate rules,
For teaching the tricks of their trade
To heroes, for they very often don't play
The game as it ought to be played!

If they only had sense they would forthwith commence
To study the Hollywood leads,
And would further engage to bring joy to
the stage
By suiting their words to their deeds.
But they simply decline to be taught how
to shine,
So they scarcely can blame us if we
To the kinema go when we're yearning
to know
How heroic a hero can be!

The RUNAWA

A

Re
M
of

"Scores of times I have been told by the relieving of
to trace erring husbands and that all the law can off
shelter of the workhouse. If I was unmarried and m
we would have the full protection of the law a

I AM writing this against time. At any moment there may be a knock at the door announcing the arrival of the warrant officer from the local police station to take me to the women's prison at Holloway for 14 days for non-payment of my rates.

Yesterday a kindly police sergeant called and told me that if I could not find the £8 owing within the next 24 hours, the execution of the warrant for my arrest issued last December could not be longer delayed.

This morning I went to the poor law offices and made arrangements for my five children, whom I have sent out to play on the common, to be taken into the workhouse if I have to go to prison.

I am in a house completely empty of furniture except for the kitchen table at which I am now writing, three chairs and two mattresses on the floor.

In my purse there is only 6½d., which will be enough to buy a loaf for my children's next meal.

Last night I walked twelve miles through London to the House of Commons to tell my M.P. why I am in this position. I did not do so for myself alone, but on behalf of a multitude of women, many of whom are in even worse plight than I am.

I also suggested a remedy to him, and he was so impressed that he went into the House and brought out a number of other M.P.s to whom I repeated my story.

During our talk it was suggested that I should write it out and submit it to the Editor of JOHN BULL for publication, because the M.P.s thought that publicity would strengthen their hands when they represented the need for action to the Government.

In London alone, it has been established, there are 30,000 married mothers who cannot obtain proper maintenance for their children from their husbands who have deserted them. The exact figure for all the country cannot be obtained, but the number is known to be at least 250,000. Allowing two young dependants in each case, the total number of victims in Britain must be, therefore, in the region of 750,000.

I am one of them.

He walks out

It must not be thought that in writing down my own story I am asking for sympathy for myself. I am fairly well qualified by my position to present the case for all and, although I must confine myself to my personal experiences, anyone who reads this should keep in mind that the full truth can only be realised if my case is multiplied a quarter of a million times.

I belong to the *alumni* of a famous university from which I graduated with honours both in Arts and Science. I married when I was twenty-three (I am now thirty-nine). The marriage was, socially, a good one and, for a few years, an exceedingly happy one.

Then, one day seven years ago, when the oldest child was eight years and the youngest twelve months old, my husband walked out, never to return. He left me penniless and made no provision either for me or the five children.

Within a month there was revealed a mass of debt which I had not even suspected. Within two months the house and its contents had been sold up by judgment creditors, and my children and I were homeless as well as completely destitute.

I consulted a solicitor with a view to taking proceedings against my husband for the maintenance of our children.

The solicitor urged me to seek maintenance for myself under the Married Women's Act, but this I would not do. I had decided that, having cast me off, my husband should never have an opportunity to say that I was the slightest burden upon his future. I was well educated, and was also physically able to undertake the humblest or heaviest work to keep myself. The responsibility for maintaining and educating the children, however, could only in fairness be his.

My solicitor proceeded to obtain an order on behalf of the children under the Guardianship of Infants Act, which, when it was passed ten years ago, aimed at giving wives separated from their husbands equal rights to the custody of the children and at making better provision for the children's maintenance.

In reality, any order made by the court becomes completely worthless whenever a hard-hearted husband chooses to ignore it.

Baulked!

What tens of thousands of men who leave their families in the lurch have discovered is that if they give a fictitious or accommodation address or refuse to divulge a change of address, the severest penalty to which they are liable is a fine of forty shillings. From the first, therefore, a destitute wife is baulked, because she cannot possibly afford the cost of hiring enquiry agents to trace the husband.

The machinery of the police is not available for this purpose and, even if the wife can find him, she can only sue him as for an ordinary debt. Under this procedure, he can make an action of the kind spin out for months before having to face the possibility of committal to prison and, after each default, he has to be discovered and proceedings begun afresh.

I have been to the police courts no fewer than fifty-four times in seven years, and on every visit have seen abundant evidence that men in good financial positions are openly and safely deriding the orders of the courts and, in consequence of legal absurdities, go scot-free while their families are starving or occupying the workhouses at the ratepayers' expense.

Very galling is the fact that if my children were illegitimate and orders for their maintenance had been made under the Bastardy Act, there would be no difficulty at all in finding the father and enforcing the orders. The police organisation can be used in that case but not in mine.

It may be said that the destitution which so many families like mine have to suffer can be relieved by the public assistance authorities. Such is not the case.

The workhouse

I have gone, when I could no longer bear to see my children's torture, scores of times abjectly and with pitiable appeal to the relieving officers, only to be told that it is not part of their duty to trace erring husbands, and that it is the law that relief in money or kind cannot be given in cases where the husband is alive and accessible. All that can be offered is the shelter of the workhouse.

During the past seven years my position once became so desperate—all five children were seriously ill from starvation—that I had no choice but to put them in the workhouse for ten months. I had been trying in vain to discover my husband's whereabouts for seven months; the poor law officials, with the assistance of the police, unearthed him in five days after the children passed into their custody.

I did not enter the workhouse with my family. It was explained to me that if I did so I would be immediately separated from them in the institution and would not be allowed to leave with them until I could prove to the public assistance committee that I could provide them with a home and maintain them independently of my husband.

This would virtually have meant my imprisonment for years in a poor law establishment until my youngest child, then still a baby in arms, reached adolescence. Thousands of deserted married mothers have to make this terrible choice.

The order made by the magistrate under the Guardianship of Infants Act for my five babies seven years ago was that eight shillings should be paid for each of them weekly by my husband. I waited for two months but no money came from him, and we were subsisting only on a few shillings obtained from kindly neighbours in a tenement where I had obtained a single room for the six of us.

Those neighbours went out of their way to give me needlework, and I got occasional jobs as a charwoman.

In court

Three more months passed before I could discover my husband to have him served with a summons and make my first acquaintance with a police court. I had saved sufficient, penny by penny, to pay for a solicitor.

My dismay can be imagined when I went into the witness-box and heard the magistrate chide me with a suggestion that if I could afford to be legally represented I could not be really short of money! Tears welled in my eyes when I thought of the weeks of saving and how each coin put aside had increased my children's hunger.

My husband merely told the magistrate that he himself was unemployed and had no means, and without causing any enquiry to be made into the truth of this statement he adjourned the case for a month.

I left the court stunned and completely broke down in the outer hall when I saw my husband join a fur-coated and heavily ringed woman and drive away with her in a taxi-cab. I had not even enough money to pay a 'bus fare and had to tramp six miles home to my almost starving children.

I have mentioned that in the seven years since then I have had to visit the police courts fifty-four times. That experience has taught me two things which I declare without hesitation to be completely true.

The first is that magistrates as a body are unconsciously biased against the deserted wife. They seem to listen to her in the frame of mind that she must be a vindictive person.

The other aspect of the courts administration which has impressed me is that not one in a hundred women gets a fair hearing because they are nervous and inarticulate, and have little knowledge of the principles of the law. I am educated and able to present my case and evidence, and have been able thoroughly to study the law as it affects me and my children. Therefore, it may be expected, I have had a greater measure of success in enforcing the rightful claims of my family.

Well, that success can be measured by arithmetic. In the seven years

VAY FATHER

A National Disgrace

Revealed by a MOTHER of FIVE

elieving officers that it is not part of their duty aw can offer me and my hungry children is the ied and my children were illegitimate, however, the law and they would be succoured"

I have been able through the courts to extract £71 from my husband—an average of sevenpence for each child per week.

I have not been able to buy a new garment of any kind for myself during those years except a hat which I once got from a street barrow for eightpence.

Again and again, magistrates have suggested to me that my numerous applications for justice are inspired by vindictiveness. Wearily, I have pointed out to them that I am asking nothing for myself but am only pleading for what is due to my little ones. If that is vindictiveness in a mother, then I am vindictive. But when my children cry for bread, my blood no longer boils as it did at the beginning—I am only cast down and feel broken and impotent.

Let me say, however, that on my visits to the courts I often see women who are pursuing their husbands and seeking their imprisonment when the men are themselves clearly destitute. I see the evidence of that fact from my place at the back of the court where I sit with the other deserted wives. We call the part reserved for us the "Abandoned Wives' Gallery."

From there also I observe that the cases heard before ours are usually those of women charged with immoral soliciting. Often I hear them pleading that they have been driven to this mode of life because they were deserted by their husbands and they had no other way to provide for their children. The reaction in my mind when I hear these things said may be understood.

Always my husband, when I can trace him and bring him to court, has, like most of the other men, only one excuse to make to the magistrate—that he has neither work nor money. I know these statements to be false, but never does the magistrate make a thorough enquiry.

The explanation is that the onus is upon the woman to prove to the court that her husband has had the means to pay the order originally made and that he has been wilfully disobeying it.

For that purpose she would have to produce a file of witnesses. The police, if they had the power, could do this, but the task is an impossible one when it is left to a penniless woman.

Once, when my husband's arrears had amounted to £200, I obtained a few hours' work as a cloakroom attendant at a night club in the West End, for which I got no wages but a share of the tips. One night I saw my husband there in full evening dress, supping and dancing with a party of women friends.

When next he stated in court that he had no means, I mentioned this fact to the magistrate. "Oh!" remarked the magistrate, "for all you know he may have only had temporary work at this club as a dancing partner."

My husband, standing in the well of the court, seized on to this suggestion. "That is so, sir," he said, "only one night's work."

"There you are," said the magistrate to me, with an air of finality.

Surely the best evidence of my husband's lying is that in seven years ten orders have been made for his committal to prison, and on each occasion he has produced the current money owing forthwith.

How hopeless it is to persuade magistrates to make the fullest investigation of a defaulting husband's statement may be judged from what happened after one of the occasions on which he pleaded he was unemployed.

I am a Freemason's daughter, and was able to get him an offer of a well-paid post. When I informed the magistrate at the next hearing of the case of what I had done, my husband stated that he had gone after the job but found that it was not available. I knew that this was untrue, and that the reason he had not applied for it was that he was already in employment which he was concealing from the court. But the magistrate took his word outright and made no effort to have evidence brought to prove what I said.

On another occasion when I found that my husband was a member of a certain club, I learned from the steward that every week he ran up a wine bill of not less than £2. When I told the magistrate this, he replied that I should have brought officials of the club to court to corroborate my statement, and he did not even ask my husband if it was true. What an impossible proposal to make to a destitute wife fighting for justice for her children!

"Spy!"

Last year, while I was searching for my husband to serve him with a fresh summons, I found from the landladies with whom he had lodged for a few weeks at a time that he had paid his rents by cheques drawn on different banks, showing that he had a number of accounts.

My husband, when he heard this report, merely said that all the accounts were now empty. No further enquiry was made. I was nonplussed when the magistrate turned to me with the remark: "You have been playing the spy, eh!"

On a later occasion my husband obtained an adjournment of an application for a committal order on the plea that he would make me a voluntary payment forthwith, and that, in the interval, he would provide me with evidence for a divorce so that he could marry a woman with an estate of £30,000 and have a trust fund of £1,000 formed for the benefit of our children.

No divorce

Of course, he did not pay me anything, and his divorce story was a lie, but the magistrate was not at all resentful at having been misled when I was next able to find my husband and bring him to court.

I have tried without success to seek a divorce from my husband, because I know that he could not play fast and loose with any order made by the Divorce Court for the maintenance of his children.

I applied to the Poor Persons Committee of the Law Society for a certificate to sue for divorce as a poor person, and, although my evidence of his misconduct was complete, I was refused this help. I ascertained that it was because my gross income was held not to warrant assistance.

What was my income?

With a loan obtained from a charitable society I had taken the tenancy of a house and used the rest of the money as a deposit to furnish the rooms on hire-purchase terms. By letting them I was receiving more than £2, but the profit left for myself and my children was only about fourteen shillings per week.

This furniture was seized a few days ago, and that is why I am now writing in an empty house. My lodgers have had to leave and so deprive us of our only means of existence.

The way out

I mentioned earlier that when I went to the House of Commons last night I suggested to the M.P.s I interviewed a possible remedy for my case and the quarter of a million similar cases that exist.

It is that they should be removed from the arena of the police court altogether, and that the children of husbands who desert their homes should come under the scope of the Widows and Orphans Act, and payment of eight shillings per week be made from that source for each child under the school-leaving age. I know that this Act operates on a contributory insurance basis while the husband is alive, but the proposal is not so revolutionary as it may at first seem, nor need it cause any fright to the taxpayers.

After all, my children and I are in no different position from that of a widow and orphans.

But where is the money to come from, it may be asked? I need, in answer, only point to the very effective machinery of the public assistance authorities, which seldom fails to search out a deserting husband and to make him pay when his children are in the workhouse.

The saving would be immense. With such a provision in my case my husband would have to pay £2 per week. If my children and I enter the workhouse the charge to public funds would be more than £8 per week.

Respite

The further question might arise as to how the Widows and Orphans Fund would be reimbursed if no money could be recovered from the husband because he could prove that he was genuinely unemployed and had no means. My suggestion is that it should come from the source on which his wife and children would be dependent if he were living with them in these circumstances—from the public assistance relief scheme.

There would not, therefore, be any extra but everywhere a lesser burden on the ratepayers and taxpayers. And the silent suffering of the 250,000 deserted wives and their 500,000 children would be at an end.

Since I started writing, dusk has set in and my children are in from play. I have not been interrupted by the arrival of the warrant officer to take me to prison. Another night of grace in this empty house!

The amount owing for rates by the woman who wrote this narrative was paid next day by JOHN BULL and the warrant for her imprisonment withdrawn. An investigation of her personal statements has since been made. It not only confirms them in every particular, but shows them to be an understatement of her experiences.—Editor, JOHN BULL.

7 to keep on a wage of £2·15·0

—means you've got to get the most good out of every meal

"That's why I always give my family Rowntree's Cocoa"

says Mrs. Gallon, of Benwell, Newcastle

HOW to bring up a big family on a small wage — that is the problem Mrs. Gallon has to solve.

"With only £2.15.0 to cover everything," she says, "I have to watch every penny. I can only afford 30/- a week for food. To keep us all well and strong on that I've got to make every meal as nourishing as possible. We drink a lot of cocoa and I always buy Rowntree's because I know it helps get more good out of meals than other kinds. It's more digestible too — much easier on the children's stomachs."

That's sound commonsense, Mrs. Gallon! If you can help your family get more nourishment from other meals, it stands to reason you're making your money go further. And that's just what Rowntree's Cocoa enables you to do. Made by a special process of pre-digestion it's more digestible itself. Still more important, it helps digest other foods as no other cocoa can. It even makes milk three times as digestible. With Rowntree's Cocoa, your family gets more good from everything they eat. Every mother with a family to bring up on a limited income should see the difference Rowntree's Cocoa makes.

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Louis Golding

is the third author in our great series

My True Story *by* Famous Authors

"No, no!" he shrieked, white with fury. "I want to go home." Mottel, sitting near by, was not a pleasant sight

I Slept *with a* Murderer

I SLEPT with a murderer every night of my life for two years. The murderer is dead now. He died some weeks ago in Chicago. That is why I am free to tell the tale.

I was a small boy at that time. I must have been ten or eleven years old. We lived in a poor street in Manchester, which was blocked by a wire factory from the pitchy waters of the river Irwell. My father made his living by teaching Hebrew to small boys. One of these boys was named Benny.

Benny was alone in the world excepting for his mother. I never quite made up my mind what the two lived on. I think there was a father somewhere in America, who sent along a few dollars from time to time. Benny's mother couldn't do anything, she was so delicate. She died soon after.

The consequence was that Benny came to live with us, although we were pretty crowded already, and my mother had as much as she could do looking after the rest of us.

We put up a bed for Benny in the lodger's room on the first floor, though there wasn't much room left, what with the lodger and the bed and the table already in it. (The lodger wasn't really a lodger. He was just another down-and-out, a sort of elder Benny. That was the way my father and mother helped themselves out with the rent). I had a tiny attic all to myself on the top floor.

When Benny lived with us I began to realise he was a strange boy, quite unlike all the other boys I knew. He was extraordinarily refined and delicate in all his perceptions. He would stand at a florist's shop window and stare at one single bloom for half an hour at a time.

If a woman came to the house wearing a silk frock it would give him intense pleasure to be allowed to pass the soft texture between his fingers or against his cheek. In other words, the boy had an acute sense of beauty. I was fairly sensitive myself in those days, but compared with Benny I was a lump of wood.

Benny had been living with us getting on for a year, when my father one day announced that a young cousin of his named Mottel was coming over from Russia to Manchester. He would, of course, live with us. That went without saying.

My father announced the news, and my mother received it with so much excitement and pleasure that there was obviously something very special about this cousin Mottel.

I myself didn't feel too well disposed towards any more cousins from Russia. The place was littered with them. "What's he like?" I asked, rather surlily.

"What's he like?" my father repeated. He lifted his hands, but words failed him. He turned to my mother. "What's he like, he wants to know!" Then he found the word for it. "He's—he's beautiful!" he said.

"Yes," my mother corroborated. "He's beautiful!"

They went on night after night about how beautiful cousin Mottel was. There seemed to be no other word for it than that—beautiful. I've a vivid recollection of the picture of Mottel that built itself up in my mind, and a pretty shrewd one of the picture that must have built itself up in Benny's.

I had seen my first musical comedy lately—I think it was "Florodora." There was a beautiful young man in it, tall and slim with wavy hair and dimpled cheeks. The girls in the chorus swooned when he came lolloping on to the stage in mauve flannels. That was how beautiful I thought Mottel was going to be.

Benny had saved up his weekly half-pennies and bought a book off a barrow. It had photographs of Greek statues in it. Benny studied them, and marvelled and worshipped Benny's Mottel was like an early Apollo.

Then Mottel arrived. He wasn't a bit like a musical comedy star or a Greek statue. He was squat and dark and a bit bandy-legged. The hair on his skull was like black wire. There was still more hair on his cheeks and chin, which wasn't a beard, yet wasn't quite not a beard. He wasn't at all fair to outward view. He was, in fact, ugly.

Yet even in the first five minutes, after I had got over my first shock of disappointment, I began to have an inkling of what my father and mother meant when they said he was beautiful. To begin with, he had beautiful eyes, even though they were a bit watery. Or, if they were not quite beautiful, they were tender and had a sort of dewy glint in them. And though his face *was* rather awful, there was something charming in the set of his mouth. Again, it was a *kind* mouth—really almost a beautiful mouth.

But I realised almost immediately that his face or his body hadn't anything to do with it at all, when my parents called him beautiful. It was something else, something I'd have to find out.

And I *did* find out, before many weeks had gone by.

Mottel was a very learned and pious person, and to old-fashioned Jews that is the very pinnacle of beauty. It doesn't occur to them even to *see* the body when the soul is full of learning and piety. And I must say Mottel was really very nice about his virtues. He didn't thrust

(Continued on page 28)

MEET VI TALITY AT BLACKPOOL THIS SPRING

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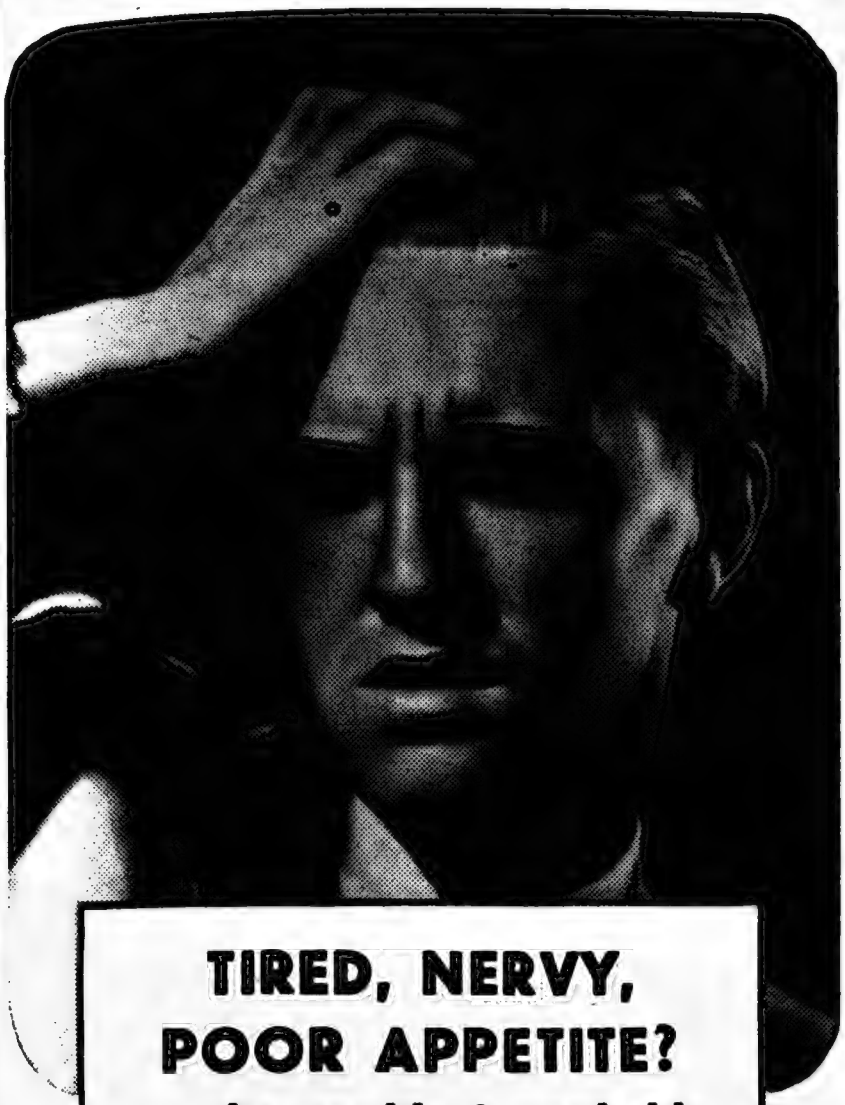

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Doctors explain that the body needs a natural Tonic Vitamin *scarce in most modern foods ... Oats contain this* nerve-nourishing Vitamin!

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Not one of them to-day would willingly be without the Hoover! Not one of them would willingly go back to the old time and energy-wasting ways.

Are you so very different from them? Isn't it true that you also would welcome such an inexpensive escape from drudgery?—just 10/- down.

So when the Hoover man calls, give him a hearing! If you can't see him then, tell him when you can. Be fair to yourself and to him. See for yourself—let him show you .... After all, hundreds of thousands of housewives can't be wrong, can they?

By Appointment By Appointment

The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

It BEATS ... *as it Sweeps ... as it Cleans*

FOR ONLY 10/- DOWN

COUPON to Hoover Ltd., Dept. X.2, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex. Please send me without obligation your booklet describing the new Hoovers.

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

I Slept with a Murderer—continued from Page 26

REVELATION— TOO LATE

them down your throat, as some people not half so learned and pious do.

I quite liked Mottel, even though I'd have preferred it if he'd been a little easier on the eye. There was another reason why I got over the shock quite soon. I saw the joke of it. It really was quite funny.

But little Benny never got over the shock of it. He had no sense of humour at all. I turned from Mottel's face to Benny's the very moment I could catch my breath after the vision burst on me. I saw Benny's eyes distended with horror. There was a glaze on them. His face was as pale as a candle.

And then another expression came into Benny's eyes—an expression of implacable hatred. I realised he would never forgive Mottel for betraying the lovely Greek ideal he had built up in his imagination. He would never forgive Mottel for being so ugly. Poor Mottel! Poor Benny!

Benny was not an articulate boy. I don't think anybody but me had an inkling of the way Benny detested Mottel, least of all Mottel himself. Mottel was so full of kindness, he couldn't begin to conceive how anybody hated anybody.

But there they were, sleeping a few feet away from each other night after night, month after month, with just a tiny table between them. (The earlier lodger kindly went next door to make room for Mottel.) It was a nightmare for poor Benny. Once or twice I saw Mottel pat Benny kindly on the back, up in their room or down in the kitchen. Benny winced as if something cold and horrible had touched him, like a toad or an adder.

Even if Mottel could have seen it, he wouldn't have realised what it meant when Benny shook all over at his touch, like a leaf. But Mottel couldn't see it. He had weak eyes. He washed them with lotion after lotion, but it didn't seem to make them any better. It was a pity, because, as I said before, they were quite beautiful eyes.

Mottel had been living with us for about a year when my cousin Hilda got married. It was rather a grand wedding, for cousin Hilda's young man was in business for himself, and, besides, he lived in Dalston, in London, which was particularly grand.

I don't quite know how my father managed it, but there were new suits for both Benny and me. It didn't run to a new suit for Mottel. He got his Saturday one pressed.

We went along in full strength to cousin Hilda's wedding. She was married from her own house. The festivities went on hour after hour; it was fine.

You never saw such fried fish and ducklings and chickens and wine as they had at cousin Hilda's wedding. Mottel got just a little bit muzzy as the evening went on, partly because he wasn't used to so much drink, partly because it is really a good deed to show how happy you are when a good Jewish boy and girl get married to each other.

I must confess it didn't suit Mottel to get muzzy. His lips protruded more and more, and they were just a little damp. And there was something parboiled about his face, too.

A pious Jew isn't allowed to shave, but he'd put some powder on his face that morning, which seemed to have destroyed the hair-roots for life. He really looked better with a bit of a screen round his cheeks and chin.

Now and again my eyes fell on Benny. Benny didn't look at the bride or the bridegroom or me, or anybody but Mottel. He stared at him in fascinated loathing. He got paler and paler as the evening went on, his eyes larger and larger.

He lifted a glass to his lips as if to appease his sickness, but the glass slid between his fingers to the floor. I saw beads of sweat running down his forehead on to his face. I went over to him.

"Benny," I said. "What's wrong? Let me take you out into the open air."

"I'm going home," he said faintly. "Will you get the key from Uncle?" (He meant my father.)

"You'll be all right, Benny," I assured him. "All you want is a bit of fresh air."

"I want to go home," he said. He said it in such a tone I knew he meant it: "I want to go to bed."

"All right," I agreed. "I'll go with you."

"No, no!" he shrieked. His face was white with fury. His eyes were quite strange.

"All right," I said quietly. "I'll get the key for you."

So Benny went off home alone. The rest of us didn't go back till a few hours later. Mottel wasn't at all a pleasant sight. He got to bed somehow.

Benny and I had to go to school as usual next morning. The gentleman we knew as the "School Board" wouldn't have excused us school merely because we'd been to a strenuous wedding the day before.

When we got back at midday we found a crowd in front of the house. There was also a bucket of water and a cup for you to wash your hands in over the pavement's edge. That meant someone was dead in the house. My heart jumped like a stabbing pin. "Mottel!" I heard them say. "Mottel! Poor Mottel! A saint in Israel!"

Poor Mottel had been so muzzy when he came in the night before, he had poisoned himself. He always had a glass of water on the table by his bedside, which he drank off last thing.

On the shelf above his head he kept his bottle of eye-lotion; a fearsome blue bottle it was, marked "Poison" very clearly. He had been so drunk he poured the lotion into his glass of water and drained it. He was dead, anyhow.

The next few days were a trance of horror which I prefer not to recall, not until that culminating last moment in which Benny was so strangely involved. Benny, whose existence had been as completely obliterated from my mind during those few days as if he'd been a raindrop fallen into a gutter.

They lifted the coffin-lid to let us have a last look at Mottel before he was wiped out for ever. I tried to turn my head away, but I could not. I tried to shut my eyes, but I could not. Mottel easily and proudly commanded me to look at him. I looked.

A transformation had come over him. No, that is not right. The essential Mottel lay there revealed, the most beautiful thing I have ever set eyes on. His skin had the quality of marble, the loveliest smile of which the mortal mouth is capable lay on his lips. He had dignity, delicacy, serenity; he was more beautiful than any pagan Apollo.

My eyes turned from the dead face to a living face separated from me by the width of the coffin. I saw the beauty of the dead Mottel impressed upon the eyes of the living Benny, as the sun is impressed upon a mountain tarn. His eyes were wild with beauty.

Then Benny turned towards me as if he had heard me call him. I looked into his eyes. I saw the glory go out of them and the desolation of a charnel-house extinguish them. I saw his lips quiver, his body shake. He broke down into a lugubrious howling, such as a lonely animal might make in an empty house.

They took him away, whispering: "Poor Benny. He is such a delicate boy." He was a delicate enough boy, but I knew as surely as I knew that my heart beat that Benny was Mottel's murderer.

It was considered unwise for Benny to sleep any longer in the room where Mottel had died. There was no place for him anywhere else in the house, so he came to sleep in my bed up in the attic. I slept with him every night for two years, knowing he was a murderer. But I did not feel afraid—at least, not very often.

Next Week:

A Tensely Dramatic True Story by

Dr. A. J. CRONIN

KEITH'S SOCKS ALL OILY
KEITH – THOSE NEW SOCKS! I'LL NEVER GET THAT BLACK OIL OUT
YES – CHILDREN ARE THOUGHTLESS! STILL, TRY WASHING THOSE SOCKS WITH OXYDOL
GOODNESS! OXYDOL HAS WASHED EVERY SPECK OF THAT OIL OUT – NOW FOR THE REST OF THE WASH...
OXYDOL
THAT OXYDOL LATHER IS WONDERFUL – ALL MY WASH SPARKLING CLEAN WITHOUT HARD RUBBING
OXYDOL'S thick rich lather gets rid of grease and grubbiness — washes *all* the dirt away. And it's not only your woollens that are kept soft and fleecy—Oxydol washes your white clothes snowy white — your coloureds fresh and bright. Use Oxydol—the wonderful new washing discovery—big 3½d. packet and new giant 6d. size.
OXYDOL
OXYDOL
GIVES A BIGGER TUB OF SUDS
FOR WASHING-UP THE PLATES TO-DAY USE OXYDOL – GET GREASE AWAY
Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS CURED BY HOME-MADE MEDICINE

If you have catarrhal deafness, or are hard of hearing, or have head noises, go to your chemist and get one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it half-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. This makes such a wonderful lung syrup that the first spoonful will bring relief.

This Parmint Syrup will end all the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. This prescription is approved by the highest medical authorities, is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises or catarrh in any form should give this a trial. There is nothing better. [Advt.]

"WHY DOES MY CHILD CATCH MORE COLDS THAN MY NEIGHBOUR'S?"

ANNIE . . . . . AGED 9
Gain in weight ¼ lb. in 6 months
COLDS LAST WINTER . . . 4

ALICE, *NEXT DOOR* . . . AGED 9
Gain in weight 3¼ lbs. in 6 months
COLDS LAST WINTER . . NONE

Strange difference in health of two children

"WHY does my Annie get peaky-looking in winter and catch cold so easily?" asks her mother. "I know the woman next door gives her child Scotts Brand Emulsion, but I give my child a liver oil preparation too."

Worries like this make mothers look old. Yet it all goes back to the fact that there are some things a child's delicate stomach can't be expected to digest.

Most winter tonics are like that. They put a strain on children's digestions, even if the oil in them is mixed with something else or given a few drops at a time. There is actually the risk that the oil may pass through undigested and so do no good.

Of course, children must have a liver oil tonic in winter, but you must take care to give it in its one digestible form. "*Only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion,*" *reports an eminent Research Body,* "*can children wholly digest the oil and so get all the body-building goodness they need.*"

This Research Body has discovered that within 30 minutes after a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion enters your child's stomach, every drop has gone to strengthen her whole body, and particularly her chest and lungs.

CHILD PICKS UP AMAZINGLY

Mothers ought to remember that important fact about Scotts Brand Emulsion when they go to the chemist's to buy a winter tonic for their children.

Because the child that has liver oil in its one digestible form—Scotts Brand Emulsion—goes through the winter much better than other children.

Within two or three weeks she puts on weight, her cheeks fill out, her blood gets richer, she grows sturdy and strong—like the little London girl whose mother writes this letter:—

"As a child I was given Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly, so when my baby was born I soon started her on Scotts. She took it marvellously right from her fifth month. She is wonderfully strong and advanced for her age now, and has hardly ever had a cough or cold."

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist to-day and watch the difference it makes to *your* child!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

"*Tired Skin*" kept her from happiness—

BUT . . .

THE LAST OF MY SCHOOL-FRIENDS- I'M THE ONLY OLD MAID LEFT
JOAN DEAR, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION
HOW CAN I HAVE A GOOD SKIN WHEN I WORK IN THE CITY ALL DAY...
CHEMIST
USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE.. IT'S SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE!
NEXT YEAR JOAN WAS MARRIED TOO
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I OWE TO YOU-AND TO KNIGHT'S CASTILE...

Even naturally good skins aren't safe in the stale city atmosphere. Your skin must be stimulated if it is to be kept lovely. And Knight's Castile Soap will give your complexion just the vitality it needs. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face, and it contains carefully chosen ingredients which *prevent* tired 'city' skin. Your skin will grow in loveliness every day when you use Knight's Castile. Fourpence per tablet.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

KC 176-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

Her popularity was the envy of other girls.

Wherever she went, her distinctive subtle charm brought every man to her feet. No wonder that when she came to love, she enjoyed the supreme happiness of finding her love returned! Many girls in her set wondered about and envied her popularity. Yet her secret could be summed in one word—Aziadé (pronounced Azi-r-day).

This is the clever new perfume that all smart women are using. It comes in a tiny compact that's easily slipped into a corner of one's handbag. Consisting of the highly-concentrated essences of freshly-picked flowers, Aziadé is economical. A single touch surrounds you with fragrance for hours; and, of course, there's no bottle to break or liquid to spill or evaporate. Choose Aziadé in your favourite perfume from the following: Jasmine, Violet, Lilac, Carnation, Chypre, Gardenia, Lavender, Sweet Pea, Mimosa, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Narcissus, Santal, Wallflower, Spring Flowers and Eau de Cologne.

2/6 & 1/6

Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, all good chemists and hairdressers, price 2/6 & 1/6 (small size 1/-), or direct, post free, from:—

AZIADÉ LTD., Dept. A.P., 172, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

We invite you to make this test of the excellence of Aziadé Compact perfumes. Smear a little of any one of the scents on a piece of cloth. Warm slightly. Then blindfolded compare the scent with a bunch of the natural flowers it represents. You will be unable to tell any difference.

BRONCHITIS

For bronchitis or colds or sore throats or chest colds, there's nothing in the wide world to equal Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is clean, stainless, and on the very first application you feel its "deep healing" warmth doing you good, easing the pain, loosening the congestion. It never fails. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6d., but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you can use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Tottenham N. user says:

"I suffer at times from Bronchitis, in fact the least little cold flies to my chest. I also get rather a nasty stabbing pain in my chest. I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used, and I would not be without a jar of it in the house."

At all Chemists

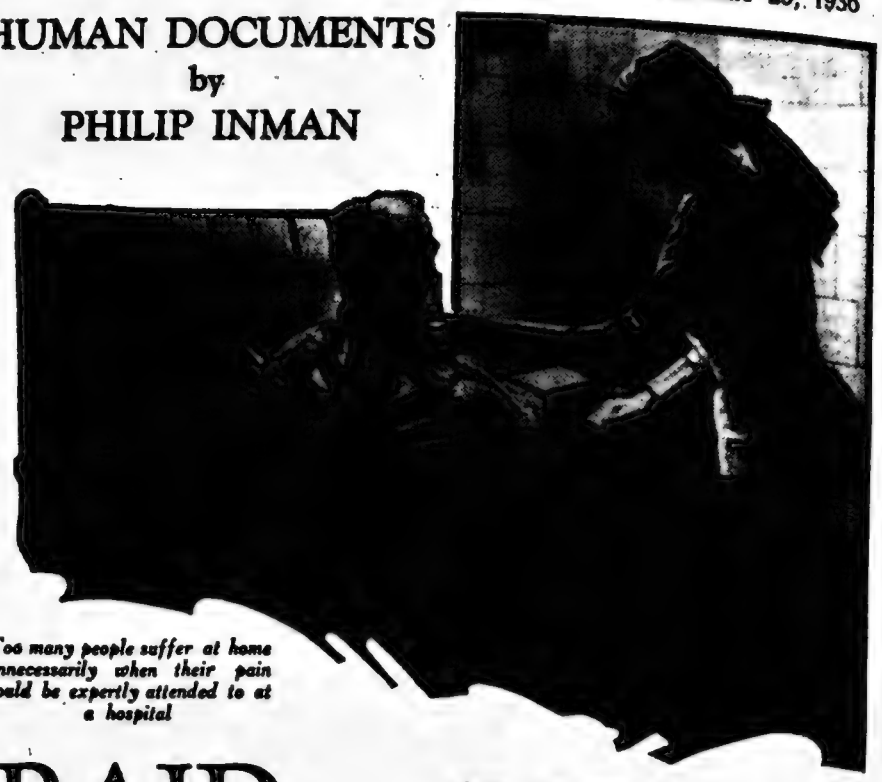
2/6

MUSTEROLE BRAND Mustard Ointment

gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFFNESS, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

Musterole Fine Products Co. Ltd., 4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN



Too many people suffer at home unnecessarily when their pain could be expertly attended to at a hospital

AFRAID to go to Hospital

I WAS walking through the wards of my hospital with a well-known specialist. I asked him about one of the patients who was under his care. This is his reply: "If that woman had come to see me six months ago I could have saved her, but now——" He threw up his hands in despair.

That kind of tragedy I encounter every day of my life. Why will people with definite symptoms wait so long before seeking medical advice? It isn't fair to the doctors, to their loved ones, to themselves.

A young man writes to me:

My mother and I live together, for the other members of the family are married and reside away from this town. During the last few weeks mother has been very poorly and complains of a nasty pain in the stomach.

I have begged her to have the doctor, but she keeps saying that she will soon be all right again. I know that at the back of her mind she is afraid that he will send her to the hospital as there is nobody to look after her at home, and she feels that if she goes there she will never come out alive.

I am worried out of my life, for if I go for the doctor unbeknown to her she would never forgive me if he sent her away, and I should never forgive myself if her fears proved to be true.

The first suggestion I would make is that this young man should get into touch with the other members of the family. Though they are married that illness is just as much their responsibility, and they should be asked to urge their mother to see the doctor.

The next step is to convince that woman of her foolishness. The doctor may prescribe some medicine that will relieve her pain and completely eliminate the trouble. There is no certainty that he would advise hospital treatment. If home nursing is necessary the district nurse is available.

But this mother need not be alarmed even if she has to go into hospital. Thousands of my readers have had that experience and they have returned completely cured to their homes and loved ones. The hospital of to-day is not only a house of healing but a home of tenderness. It is no idle phrase to call the nurse an angel of mercy.

IT is not the language of extravagance to assert that compared with fifty—even twenty—years ago the physician and the surgeon are achieving the miraculous.

My next correspondent writes:

It is very hard that a mother and child should be separated. I am twenty-seven years of age and married, with one child of four. My wife has been for two years in a mental home, and though there have been periods when she is normal, yet she sinks back again into her old condition. The doctors say she has hallucinations and that she confesses to hearing strange voices.

Some time ago I made application for her discharge, but my request drew a discouraging reply from the medical superintendent. Later on I appealed to the committee, and I was granted an interview. The members were obviously impressed by the doctor's report, but they gave me the option of applying again in three months' time.

Would you advise me to persist in pressing for her discharge at the end of this period or would it be better to wait until the medical men give their approval? I only want to do the best for my loved one and for our little child.

Now two things are quite clear. My correspondent wants his wife back with him as early as possible. And that for her sake, for his sake, and for the sake of their child.

During the last two years he must have discovered that "home is not home unless she is there." But it would be unwise to press for her discharge until she has completely recovered. If he did so, and anything should go wrong, the responsibility would be entirely his.

I think, however, he has every reason for hope. That committee would not have suggested his applying again in three months unless it had grounds for doing so. I trust that when that time comes, and with the concurrence of the medical authorities, he will be allowed to take her home.

If, however, that should not be the case, I advise my correspondent to talk the matter over with his local doctor. The latter could ask for a report to be submitted to him, and, as a result, he may suggest that an independent specialist should examine the patient.

It may be that other treatment is necessary, or that a change into another home would be beneficial.

BY adopting this plan my correspondent would be leaving no stone unturned. And that, to a loved one, is always a great consolation.

My next correspondent is not only worried about her mother's illness. She has also to contend with the animosity of her "in-laws." She says:

I am happily married with a baby two and a half years old. My mother recently contracted consumption and is receiving treatment at a sanatorium. At Christmas she was allowed home for a few days, and naturally the three of us went to see her.

Then came the trouble. My mother-in-law has annoyed me by frequently hinting that I should not see my own mother on account of baby. These hints have eventually resulted in a bitter quarrel, in which I was told to leave their house. I did not want anything like this to happen for my husband's sake.

The point is, I am torn between hurting my mother's feelings, which would probably have an ill-effect upon her health, and the fear of any harm coming to our child. I am influenced by the fact that mother will live only a few years at the most.

When she was at home we decided to go and see her because I knew children were permitted to visit patients at the institution, although I would never take my baby there. I am sure you can understand my feelings, and I shall look forward to receiving advice.

This problem falls into two parts. Was it wise for those three to see this woman during her stay at home? And is it right for my correspondent to visit her mother in the sanatorium?

Let us take the last question first. I can see no harm whatever in her doing so, providing she does not take the baby with her.

A LITTLE one of two and a half is more susceptible to infection than an adult, and, of course, would not be able to understand why "granny" could not be kissed or fondled. I think, therefore, it was a mistake to take the child with them at Christmas-time.

But I see no reason why that quarrel should not be made up. After all, on one point all the parties concerned are in agreement—their affection for this baby makes them anxious that it should come to no harm.

Those "in-laws" should remember the concern of my correspondent for her mother. She, on her part, should acknowledge the anxiety of her mother-in-law for her grandchild.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"The Greatest of These—"

No Help

Stuart

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Stuart is the only child of a musician who has fallen on evil days. "Up to three years ago," says Stuart's father, "I was earning a big salary. I play seven instruments, and have played in famous bands.

"I fell out of work during the slump, and after living on our savings, we had to sell our home. We now live in a one-roomed attic, for which we pay 14s. weekly.

"My wife is now a nervous wreck, and is ill in bed.

"At the moment we are slightly in arrears of rent, and we have no clothes except what we stand in.

"The worry of finding the next meal has been a continual nightmare. I am afraid the strain and worry are killing my wife. We get no relief from anyone at all. I am not entitled to 'dole,' I have served in the Guards and R.A."

Donations earmarked "Stuart," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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CORO-SHAVE gives you a clean, comfortable shave without soap or hot water, and leaves your skin as smooth and soft as satin. A free seven-day trial tube will be sent in return for a 1½d. stamp to cover packing.

Write to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 84), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

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BUTTER AND SUGAR WITH TREACLE

Is SAPPED ENERGY holding you back?

You can't get on if you lack energy. And sluggishness and dullness are usually the symptoms of constipation. But don't resort to harsh laxatives. Two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day will keep you fresh and energetic. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" most diets lack. It exercises the intestines and so ensures the complete elimination of all waste. At the same time the iron it contains enriches and purifies the blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN requires no cooking. It is equally delicious as a cereal with cold milk or cream, or when added to other foods. Make sure you see the name Kellogg's on the packet.

7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

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THERE is no need to pay a lot of money to get a lot of comfort into your home! The New Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair gives you the most perfect comfort you could desire—deep, luxurious upholstery, inviting softness *and* a patented automatic action that lets you change from upright to resting or lounging positions without making adjustment or leaving the chair. It suits everyone—tall or short. Yet look at the price—low enough to suit any pocket! Out of all proportion to the wonderful comfort and quality—but that's the famous unbeatable Berkeley VALUE!

THE *New Berkeley* **SUPERLAX**

COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

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John Bull _____

THIS TIREDNESS THAT MAKES WOMEN GIVE UP TRYING

IS NEURO-PENIA

(UNDERFED NERVES)

EVERYTHING AN EFFORT FOR HER. This woman's trouble began after her illness last winter. Her nerves have been weakened—she feels tired all day long. Looking after the house is such an effort. Millions of women get this strange weakness—it's a symptom of 'Neuropenia.'

WORRIED AND AFRAID FOR NO REASON. This woman's nerves are so weak, she worries . . . Often in the night she has to go to the front door, to see if it's properly shut. 'Neuropenia' turns thousands of women into nervous wrecks.

TOO TIRED TO BE ATTRACTIVE. Here's another case of underfed, exhausted nerves. When this girl goes out, she feels dull and awkward. Too tired-out to be vivacious like other girls. 'Neuropenia' is the real reason why so many women in the prime of life look worn-out and haggard and old.

NEUROPENIA EXPLAINED

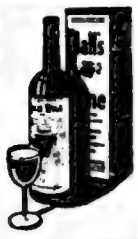
3 KINDS OF TIREDNESS

Women get three kinds of tiredness—(1) the aching, heavy kind, (2) the 'jumpy' nervy kind, and (3) the low, depressed kind. Each of these kinds of tiredness has the same cause: the tiny granules of Nital that feed your nerves are pale and shrivelled, through illness or overwork. This condition is known as 'Neuropenia' (underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for 'Neuropenia,' from the formula of a well-known doctor. It starts to pour new strength into your weakened nerve-cells within 30 seconds after taking. Within a few days tiredness and depression have disappeared.

★ ALL symptoms noted above are typical of 'Neuropenia,' as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

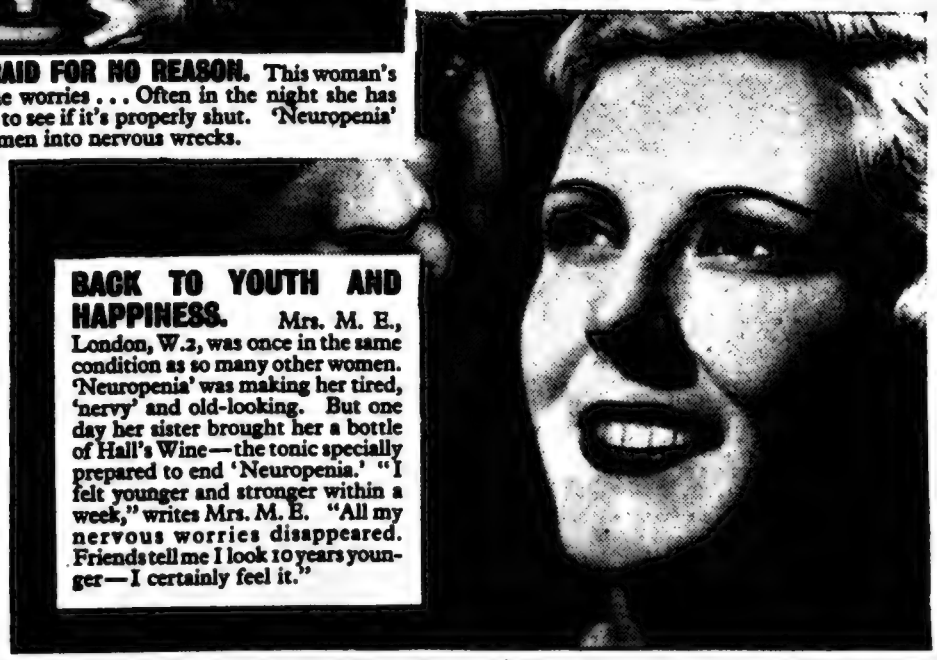
HALL'S WINE

GIVES QUICK, NEW STRENGTH



From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

WARNING. Hall's Wine is the only tonic made to end 'Neuropenia.' Avoid cheap imitations, made from inferior ingredients. They can't have the right, nerve-building tonic formula.



BACK TO YOUTH AND HAPPINESS. Mrs. M. E., London, W.2, was once in the same condition as so many other women. 'Neuropenia' was making her tired, 'nervy' and old-looking. But one day her sister brought her a bottle of Hall's Wine—the tonic specially prepared to end 'Neuropenia.' "I felt younger and stronger within a week," writes Mrs. M. E. "All my nervous worries disappeared. Friends tell me I look 10 years younger—I certainly feel it."

HEALTH

DECIDE now to become healthy and strong — start a course of Sanatogen, the famous nerve food which fills the body and mind with vitality and strength.

Nervousness, general debility, sleeplessness and digestive troubles—all these signs of weak nerves will disappear, and in a few weeks you will feel and look healthy and happy again.

Sanatogen is recommended by over 25,000 physicians. *Start a course to-day.*

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

At all Chemists from 2/3 to 19/9

Made by GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH.

I like 'Mansion' it gives such mirror-like brilliance

In "Mansion," millions o. women have discovered a wonderfully easy way to obtain a beautiful and lasting polish on their floors and furniture. "Mansion" needs so little rubbing and gives a hard, lasting brilliance that keeps the home looking bright and fresh. And as it spreads its brightness and beauty "Mansion" leaves a clean, germ-free surface.

Think of the trouble you save by using

MANSION POLISH

for Floors Furniture and Linoleum

Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes. M.P.30.37

SABOTAGE!

SEVEN million pounds' worth of battleship is a great responsibility; and whether she is ploughing the broad Atlantic or lying safely at anchor in the Solent or in the Firth of Forth, one that is a factor in the lives of the men who sail and dwell within her decked and turreted armour.

Upon the battleship's seaworthiness and efficiency rest the lives of as many as two thousand officers and men.

In normal times we are apt to accept the safety of His Majesty's vessels of war as a matter of course. They are seldom hazarded, seldom involved in disaster of any kind.

Yet in recent months there have occurred incidents in connection with our warships that are serious cause for uneasiness, and which should be the subject of thorough investigation.

Sabotage!

Fresh home from the China station, the cruiser *Cumberland*, her company paid off, and herself taken to the naval dockyard at Chatham to be overhauled at a cost of nearly £400,000, suddenly and unaccountably crippled.

The electrical power, that is the very lifeblood of a modern vessel of her type, failed her completely.

Nor is it so long since a very similar thing happened on board the giant battleship *Royal Oak*, a ship of the famous *Queen Elizabeth* class.

The *Royal Oak* was taken into the dockyard at Devonport, where a thousand workers were employed getting her ready for sea again, when, as in the case of the cruiser *Cumberland*, an act of deliberate sabotage was discovered to have occurred.

Nearly three hundred miles separates Chatham from Devonport, yet the methods practised in each case were of striking similarity. In the case of the *Royal Oak* it was found that a sail-pin had been driven through the cable carrying one of the main electrical supplies for the ship.

IT is sufficient to say that the individual whose mischievous mind is at the back of these acts of sabotage, by his actions has imperilled the lives of every man normally going down to the sea in such ships of war.

The *Royal Oak*, like the *Cumberland*, is guarded at all times, whether by day or by night, and no unauthorised person is admitted into the dockyards where warships are repaired.

Yet, as in another case, that of the submarine *Oberon*, the intricate mechanism that governs such vessels was deliberately tampered with.

A submarine, even more so than a battleship, is packed from stem to stern with mechanism as finely adjusted as a watch, and we have only to recall the tragic fate of the *M.2*, lost with her entire complement of 56 officers and men, to bear in mind the awful possible consequences of even a minor failure.

The *M.2* went down probably as the result of the failure of one man to close a hatch: the *Oberon* was on the point of going on her trials after having been carefully refitted and overhauled.

Larger than the *M.2*, the *Oberon* carried a crew of more than seventy officers and men, and she, like the battleship *Royal Oak*, was got ready for sea in the naval dockyard at Devonport.

She was actually leaving the harbour, ready to put her diving apparatus to the test, when a serious defect was discovered in her electrical equipment, with the result that her commander found it necessary to turn back and re-enter dry dock.

Had she dived, the probability is that she would have found the fate of her tragic sisters, to lie on the ocean bed, her gallant crew trapped like rats in a steel trap.

At sea a warship is usually safe from interference—let there be no doubt about that. Upon her safety the lives of all on board her depends.

At anchor in harbour there is always one-third of her crew on board: a "watch" in charge of an officer, aided by a midshipman, with a quartermaster and a corporal of marines, in addition to a quarterguard.

Not even visitors from other vessels are allowed on board without special permission; and when she is alongside the quay a corporal of marines, or a full-fledged naval rating, at the gangway, challenges all comers as to their business.

Whilst she is in the dockyard, a warship comes under the supervision of the dockyard authorities, and the entire premises—both at Chatham and at Devonport—are enclosed. Any who seek to enter must be armed with a permit.

And that applies even to the dockyard workers, a loyal body of men, whose livelihood depends on their good conduct. They for the most part are known to the dockyard superintendent, and as far as the regular hands are concerned are beyond reproach and above suspicion.

There remains the messengers employed by local tradesmen, who, supplying stores to the ship's company, are frequently armed with permits to enter and leave a ship.

There is only one practical manner of getting on board a warship, and that is up the gangway, armed with the customary permit.

THE need for the closest enquiry is, therefore, urgent, for the lives of hundreds may depend upon detection of the culprit.

We suggest to the Admiralty that the records of *casual* dockyard workers be examined with minute care, more especially since dockyard artisans have free access to the ship, many of them knowing a warship better even than the men who sail in her.

We mention this because in the case of the *Royal Oak* there was a tremendous amount of work to be done in a short space of time, and a number of extra hands were taken on, in addition to the usual dockyard workers, most of whom are veterans.

Yet another avenue of investigation is among the messengers employed by tradesmen. These, in dockyard towns, as in every other town, come and go, though the same permit to visit a ship may be used, passed on from one to another.

It is not unlikely that a foreign agent may have found employment with some innocent trading establishment, thus getting himself admitted on board.

The tragic loss of the battleship *Bulwark*, mysteriously blown up in harbour off Sheerness in 1915, with the loss of 750 officers and men, almost her entire company, is still fresh in the minds of many people.

And likewise the cruiser *Natal*, lying in harbour about the same time. She blew up; the ocean for miles around was scattered with her debris: the twenty-two officers and 380 men on board her lost their lives, without ever a cause being found for the disaster.

IT is that branch of our Secret Service, known as Admiralty M.1.5, which has the task of guarding our warships against sabotage.

"Admiralty M.1.5" is now busy probing the *Cumberland* affair. Its investigations must necessarily be cloaked with the utmost secrecy.

Lord Stanley, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, has already stated that further measures are being considered, and we know that Scotland Yard has been called in.

Sabotage in three of our warships in a few months is naturally something to arouse public concern. And that concern, we think, should be allayed at the earliest opportunity.

The cruiser "Cumberland," latest naval victim of sabotage. Yet such vessels are guarded day and night

How the WARSHIP is Guarded

HURRY for BREAD KNIFE

Readers of JOHN BULL have only two days more in which to make certain of that splendid free gift to the home—the miracle bread knife.

This is the knife that it is a joy and pleasure to use. It cuts the thinnest possible slices of bread and cake without crumbling. It is Sheffield made from renowned Firth steel, is guaranteed stainless, with a super-quality white Ivorine handle.

Get the forms from JOHN BULL's issue dated February 15, which make it yours, filled in and posted *to-day*.

Make lighter, more digestible cakes

Here's the secret—use plain flour and Borwick's Baking Powder—the best "raising" in the world. Very little amount of baking powder for the different things you cook. Add it at the time of mixing. Borwick's saves eggs, saves butter. Good cooks use Borwick's.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

'HOARSE' SENSE! Take

1D NIPITS 3D

VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

FROM ALL CONFECTIONERS

The other boys used to despise Bob, thought him cowardly. He was nervous, could not hold his own in their games. One day he had toothache and was taken to the dentist

...who found several decayed teeth, a mouth in poor condition. Quite enough to account for Bob's nerviness. "You've not been cleaning your teeth properly" the dentist said.

"Dirt gives Giant Decay a foothold in your Ivory Castles. Now I've repaired the damage, you must use GIBBS Dentifrice twice daily Come back in three months."

At the next visit, the dentist smiled and said, "I see he's kept up with GIBBS! His teeth and mouth are fine." "Now we'll *all* change to GIBBS!" said Bob's Mother.

Dentists use and recommend Gibbs Dentifrice because their constant experience of its results proves Gibbs to be the ideal teeth and mouth cleanser. Gibbs cleans teeth to sparkling white clearness; kills germs, purifies the mouth, makes gums firm and rosy. Gibbs Dentifrice is very pleasant to use and most economical—change to Gibbs today!

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES, *defend them with*—

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d, 1/-. 1/6. Refills 11d. TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d & 1/-

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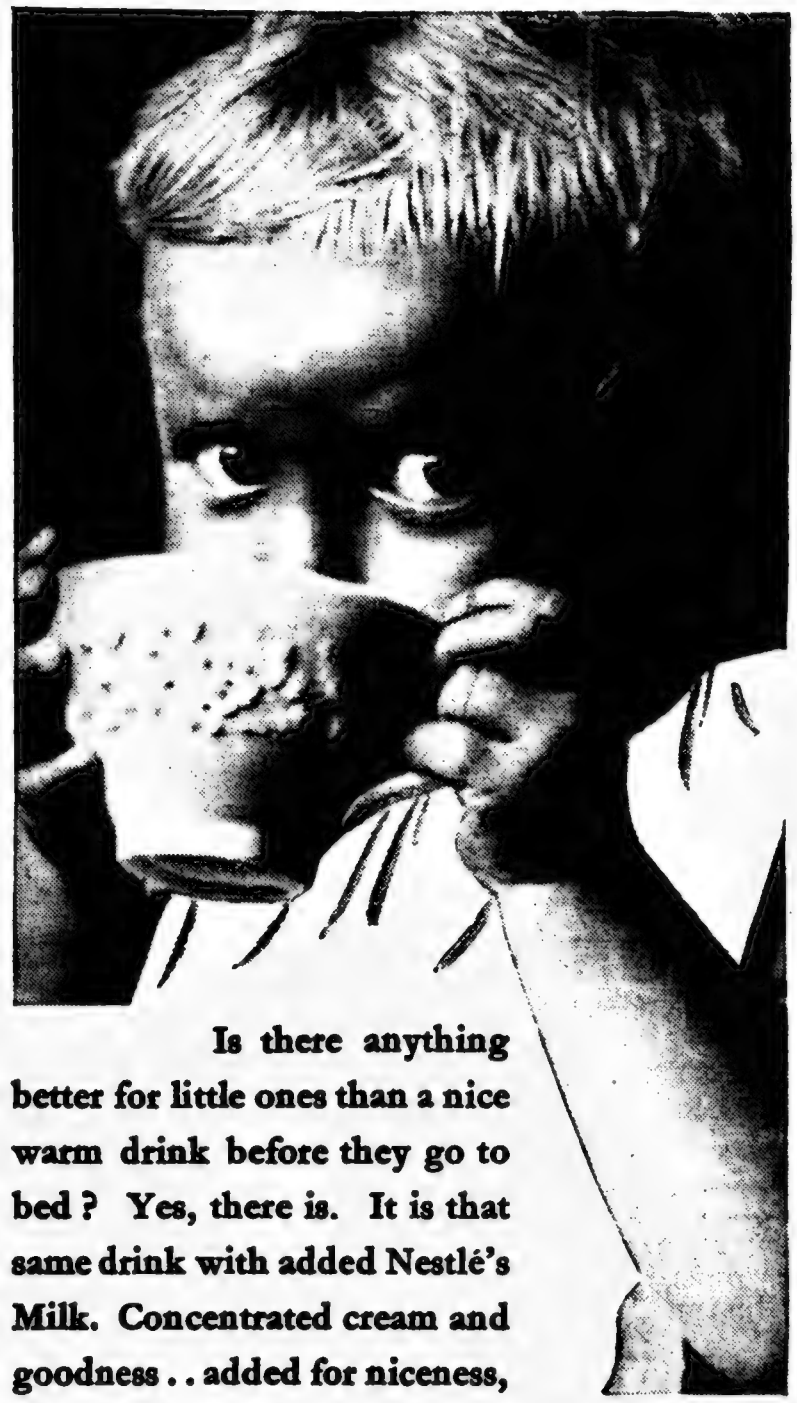

Is there anything better for little ones than a nice warm drink before they go to bed? Yes, there is. It is that same drink with added Nestlé's Milk. Concentrated cream and goodness . . added for niceness, added for nourishment. It makes cocoa taste like chocolate and makes sleeping limbs grow strong.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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adds a lot of good to bedtime drinks

LARGE SIZE 7½D ★ 4D SMALL SIZE

"Mummy—do you know why I cried last night?"

Mother, do you realise that every time baby's thighs get moist they sting? That's often why he cries. If you want him to be really happy and free from stinging, you should smooth on "Vaseline" Jelly *at least twice a day*. Doctors say "Vaseline" Jelly completely protects thighs against moisture.

MATERNITY HOSPITALS USE "VASELINE" JELLY

"Every time we change a baby at this hospital," says Nurse Rushton, of a leading Maternity Hospital, "we always smooth on a little "Vaseline" Jelly. Powder cakes and cracks when moist. But "Vaseline" Jelly forms a moisture-proof film over the skin and gives *complete* protection. Even when chafing has already begun "Vaseline" Jelly soothes away soreness. Another precaution we take is to rub a little "Vaseline" Jelly into baby's scalp every night. This prevents scurf." Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

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Petroleum Jelly

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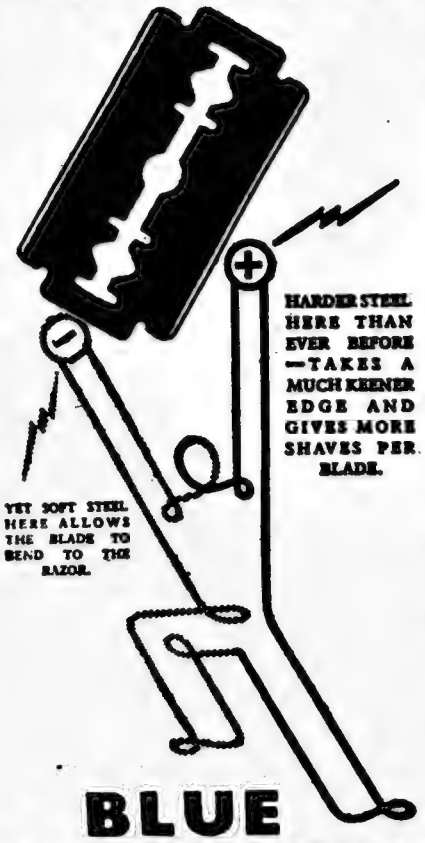
TWO TEMPERS FOR TWO REASONS


HARDER STEEL HERE THAN EVER BEFORE —TAKES A MUCH KEENER EDGE AND GIVES MORE SHAVES PER BLADE.
YET SOFT STEEL HERE ALLOWS THE BLADE TO BEND TO THE RAZOR.

BLUE GILLETTES
ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED BLADES
LARGE PACKET 2/6 • SMALL PACKET 1/3

Yes, Sir! another Bright fellow

has changed to BRYLCREEM

BRYLCREEM will turn the driest scalp into the healthiest and the 'shabbiest' hair into the most lustrous. Fixes the hair *naturally* by its *natural* blended oils and tonic-ingredients. The perfect Hair Dressing—try it and become one of its enthusiasts.

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES 1/-

The County Perfumery Co., London, N.W.10

revds 3/8

"The hat trade is ceasing to be the staple industry of Luton as the modern powerful industries expand"

Revolution in the HAT TOWN!

THE profound industrial disturbance which has been going on in this country in recent years shows curious results in various places. They are mostly tragic results, but not all. Witness the case of Luton, in Bedfordshire.

Luton is the most extraordinary current object-lesson in what the southward movement of industry is capable of doing in altering the life and character of the communities which it invades.

As a rule, this movement is too dispersed—too "spotty"—to arrest special attention. Suburbs expand, factories and "works" range themselves along the arterial roads, bits of country become little townships, and it all seems to happen when no one is looking. The Industrial South of to-morrow grows accustomed to its fate without realising what is going on.

But in Luton the process is so swift and concentrated that it is the most obvious thing in view.

A few years ago the town was known only as the centre of the straw hat trade. Then one industry after another—motor-cars, chemicals, gas stoves, bookbinding, engineering—took advantage of Luton's strategical position on the rail and the road, of its low rates and its cheap electricity.

It boomed. It became the most prosperous town of its size in the South of England. And because of this enviable reputation, eighteen months ago it began to attract unemployed men from all the depressed areas. They heard of it on the banks of the Clyde, on Tyneside and Merseyside, in the coalfields of Durham and Yorkshire, and in the valleys of South Wales.

So, from all directions, north and west, they streamed into Luton. In the last twelve months they have increased its population by 10,000, and the invasion is still going on at the rate of one hundred a week.

It is like a miniature Gold Rush.

The stranger walking along the streets to-day is amazed at the variety of accents that he hears. The Scottish speech of Clydeside predominates—shutting his eyes, he might imagine himself in Glasgow; but there is also broad Lancashire, the burr of the North-Eastern counties, and the foreign tongue of the Welshmen.

Even some Poles (from the Scottish coalfields) are there.

Serious problems

And Luton has been able to give work to practically all these fugitives from the stricken fields of industry. At the end of last year, after swallowing the 10,000, its unemployment rate stood at the low figure of 9 per cent., and more than half of it was accounted for by the customary seasonal slump in the hat trade, in which only a few of the newcomers are employed.

Probably 60 out of every 100 of the immigrants come from Scotland. There is a sort of justice in that. For it was a colony of straw-plaiters, brought by James I from Scotland hundreds of years ago, who founded the town's staple industry.

There is another interesting parallel. Neither invasion can be called strictly Scottish, although it came from Scotland. King James's colonists were French straw-plaiters from Lorraine whom Queen Mary had brought to Scotland; and the present immigrants are mainly Irish.

The invasion has had more important effects than the creation of a confusion of tongues.

Even prosperous Luton cannot increase its population by 10,000 in a year without a strain on its municipal services.

For example, the municipal 'bus fleet is six times larger than it was three years ago, and carries 40,000 more passengers a week than at this time last year.

A great new hospital is going up and the existing one is being extended. The road-makers are busy, with the drain-layers, builders and plumbers close at their heels.

Large new sewage works have had to be carried out. Street lighting has been extended in all directions. Temporary premises have been converted into schools, while new schools are building, to meet the needs of the new population of children. Sites for fresh playing fields and open spaces are being hastily sought.

Housing has presented the most serious problem. Private builders are erecting between 200 and 300 houses a month. They are not working-class houses, however. The rents average 17s. 6d. to £1 a week. Where they came from, the immigrants paid about 5s. weekly.

But in the absence of cheaper accommodation they take these, and solve the rent difficulty by taking in fresh arrivals as lodgers.

The result is that the new houses are frequently overcrowded and tend to degenerate quickly into slums. That situation becomes worse, for as the men arrive and get work they send for their wives and families, their sisters and their brothers, who squeeze into the already congested houses.

Paradise. . .

It is a minor revolution which this experience is working in Luton. That is what makes the town so uniquely interesting. For the process will continue

There is no reason why last year's 10,000 should not be followed by another 10,000 this year, and most of them will remain. They say so.

Luton is not a pretty town, but it is a paradise compared with the coal-mining villages of the North and the Welsh valleys, with the tenements of Clydeside and the squalor of the depressed cities.

The atmosphere of prosperity puts new life into them. The men can earn, with overtime, £6 to £7 a week in some of the works, and the average in the others is round about £3. There is, besides, work for women and girls in the hat factories.

And the mothers, who run to larger families than is common in Luton, appreciate the better prospects for the children.

So the immigrants become settlers, and the social face of Luton is changing.

They do not acclimatise themselves all at once. Indeed, Luton is still at the stage of regarding them almost as foreigners.

The men bring the street-corner habit of the North-country slum and tenement dweller with them, standing about in knots with their hands in their pockets. Their manners are on the boisterous side, and there have even been gang-fights on the Glasgow model. But these things will pass.

The civic effects of their invasion are more important. The hat trade, already being gradually filched by London, will cease to be the staple industry as these powerful modern industries expand.

The interest in racing and football has had a sharp spurt. And as practically all the newcomers are ardently Labour in politics, Luton's ancient Liberal tradition can hardly expect to be maintained for long.

What it means

What is happening in Luton will doubtless happen elsewhere in the South. It is the first practical demonstration on a sizable scale of what industrialisation means.

The influx of a new population, a clash of standards and ideals, rapid expansion of towns and drastic changes on the political and religious fronts.

Luton, for example, which had a population of 70,000 at the last census, will very soon top the 100,000 mark.

It would be wise of the South to prepare itself to cope with the new heavy problems ahead, and a good way to get a preliminary grip on them would be to study Luton.

NO MORE GREY HAIR

Greyhair makes you look older than you are. Restore the natural colour of youth by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. H. Valentine, 48a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

FALSE TEETH
CLEAN AND HYGIENIC
Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. Kolynos Denture Powder ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains.
KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER
IN PATENT SPRINKLER TINS 2/- OF ALL CHEMISTS

1,000 PRIZES A WEEK

MUST BE WON IN GIGANTIC BEAUTY CONTESTS

FILM STARS' BEAUTY SECRET

JESSIE MATTHEWS
Says: "I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting lovely finish."

GRACIE FIELDS
Says: "When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand for the skin."

Every week, for 6 weeks, beginning March 1st over 1,000 prizes will be awarded in open contests to women and girls who purchase a jar of Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. The competition will be judged by Jessie Matthews and the Editress of the "Daily Mirror," assisted by a Competent Staff.

Entries will be judged in 3 classes—Class 1, for those under 21; Class 2, between the ages of 21 and 30; Class 3, over 30.

All you have to do is to send your photograph with name, address and age clearly written on the back and a phrase not exceeding 15 words stating why Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is best. The recommendations of Jessie Matthews, Gracie Fields and Margaret Sullavan may afford you some help. Also you must enclose ONE little coloured disc which is presented free at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores with every jar of Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. All entries must be sent to "Beauty Editress," "Daily Mirror," 14 Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4 (Comps.).

Results of weekly contests will be announced in the "Daily Mirror" every Saturday beginning March 14th. There is no limit to the number of times you may enter. If you do not win a prize one week you may do so later.

The decision of the Judges is final. No correspondence can be entered into, and photographs can only be returned if stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. It is a term and condition of the competition that Potter & Moore shall have the right freely to reproduce the photographs of any prize winners. Competitors should send in only photographs of which they own the copyright.

THE PRIZES TO BE AWARDED ***WEEKLY*** ARE:

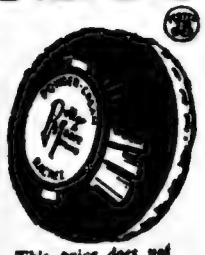
1ST PRIZE £50 2ND PRIZE £25 3RD PRIZE £10

and a thousand other prizes, including Kodak Cameras worth about 12/6 each, Handsome Handbags, Attractive Albums containing autographed photographs of Famous Film Stars, Beautiful Bottles of Scent, and fascinating Chromium Plated Beret Initials.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
Says: "Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is a delight to use. You have only to pat it gently and evenly into the skin to obtain a beautiful velvety complexion that lasts for hours."

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER-CREAM

Scores of Famous Film Stars prefer Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream because it is a skilful blend of purest cream and silk-sifted powder of the finest quality. It keeps the skin soft, heals every little roughness and leaves only a delicate matt powder finish. It is also simple and hygienic to use because no germ-carrying powder puff is necessary. Every jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In all popular shades everywhere - - - 1/- a jar



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I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"
For years she has valued and enjoyed the rich olive oil lather of Palmolive for her complexion — but now she has discovered the thrill of using it in the bath . . . that grand refreshing feeling it gives "all over", as well as its beautifying effect on her shoulders, arms and back.
PALMOLIVE
Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment, and these skilfully blended with other beautifying elements are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.
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Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

Special to "John Bull" readers this week. Read the guaranteed Contents:—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 80 in. x 60 in.
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2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 80 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 66 x 66 in. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on 7-ways grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art. Silk Embroidery, size 60 in. x 80 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc. 1 Elegant Embossed Electric Cake or Fruit Dish, also 11 in. 1 Lady's Full-size Overall or Blouse. 2 White Pillow Cases, 30 x 19 in., Coloured Embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold.

BALE 20/- COMPLETE Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This PRELIMINARY OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 2s., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room Bedroom, etc. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue: Carpets and Rugs, with coloured designs (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

SPECIAL OFFER 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 Doormats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

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Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

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by accepting this free Offer.

THREE out of every four cases of Indigestion are invariably intestinal. Cicfa banishes pain from Stomach and Intestines easily and quickly. Don't delay—but accept the free sample offer on the Back Cover and enjoy the blessing of perfect digestion. Simply send a postcard (1d. stamp) with your name and address, mention "John Bull" and post to The Cicfa Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 18, King George's Avenue, Watford, and a free supply of Cicfa will come by return.

The Policeman

chewed a

FEEN-A-MINT & constipation was "arrested"

Feen-a-mint is the favourite family laxative; thorough and safe; delicious mint flavour. Get a packet from your chemist. For a free sample send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. S4), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

In every 'season' carry your Zubes—
The regular 'ticket' for Bronchial 'Tubes'

Go—suck a

ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest'.

In flat tins, 3d. and 6d.
2½d per ounce loose.

10,000 Public Enemies

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

Leavenworth Jail, scene of one of the most daring "mass-escapes" in the history of American crime

The Great 'Crush-Out'

PERHAPS the age of forty-three is not the one at which old dogs fail to learn new tricks. A few months made a tremendous difference in Frank Nash. With a wig of heavy dark hair to cover his baldness, and a facial operation by which his nose lost much of its bloom, this old-timer from Oklahoma had become well versed in all the latest usages of gangdom.

This was the summer of 1931, a busy one for Keating, Holden, Harvey, Bailey, Nash and the rest. Other men now joined the group, among them tall, husky, slow-spoken Bernard Phillips, an ex-traffic policeman who had been fired for extortion. Following that, he had turned to car-stealing and had just completed a prison term in Leavenworth.

Charlie Harmon also rather dangled around the edge of the crowd. The more brainy of the men distrusted Charlie, nor did they feel sure of Frank Weber, another ex-convict who had drifted into the throng.

The mob watched its opportunity. Once that eventuality arrived, there would be no difficulty in providing good substitutes.

"Earl Thayer and Grover Durrill would be glad to get out of the can," said Frank Nash.

Shortly after that, the usual prison intrigue became much more fevered in Leavenworth Penitentiary. A letter had arrived by the underground route, reviving a subject which Nash had mentioned before leaving prison.

The men who had found this new engrossment were Grover Durrill, Earl Thayer, George Curtis and five other convicts including one called Harold Fontaine.

The break contemplated could not be accomplished by only a few men; Fontaine, an alien smuggler from Detroit, was to act as the outside contact; he was due for release in a short time. The rest were long-termers. There was to be another assistant, John Kulick, a convict who did not even desire to escape. He merely wanted to help.

So letters criscrossed by the underground route. Perhaps they were carried in by a guard or civilian employee. Perhaps, too, they did not come by post, but were unstamped envelopes addressed to the conveyers, with the real message inside, and delivered through the kindness of a Pullman porter.

Keating and Holden did not trust the mails; easier to find a porter and slip him a dollar to deliver a "letter to a friend about their dead mother."

Terse affairs, these messages. They asked guarded questions so innocently worded that they might almost have been in code. The answers were as carefully written.

Thus it seemed that, with everything planned, Durrill and Earl Thayer soon would be on the street again. The rest of the crowd were mere puppets who must shift for themselves once the crush-out had been accomplished.

NASH, Keating and Holden only wanted bandits of whom they could be sure. Since these new recruits seemed a certainty, the gang could now dispense with the services of Frank Weber and Charlie Harmon.

Shortly afterwards a group of desperate outlaws, machine guns in readiness, surged into the Kraft State Bank at Menomie, Wisconsin. They stole more than a hundred thousand dollars and kidnapped a vice-president as a hostage. Then they crowded into the get-away car, which awaited them at the kerb, and began their flight.

Swift pursuit ensued. There was a blaze of rifle, pistol and machine-gun fire, as posses strove to overtake the fleeing automobile, and the bandits returned shot for shot.

The underworld also insists that some shots were fired within that bandit car which were not aimed at the posses. The body of the banker was tumbled out upon the road, dead.

Then Frank Weber's gangling, lifeless form was sprawled from the car.

Two days later, searchers found the blood-splotched body of Charlie Harmon. He had been shot and unloaded in a lonely stretch of woods while still living. Scratches in the ground, soil under his bloody nails, red stains on the grass and foliage, told of his piteous efforts to find aid before he died.

So now there was truly a vacancy for Grover Durrill and Earl Thayer. Frank Nash insisted that they would be the kind of fellows to do the work which Frankie Weber and Charlie Harmon had failed to accomplish.

WHO'S WHO

Public-Enemy Frank "Jelly" Nash—*murderer, train and bank robber, still at large after being thrice sentenced to spend the rest of his days as "only a nameless number" behind prison bars.*

Charlie Harmon—*"a two-time convict" from Texas.*

Earl Thayer and Grover Durrill—*former members of the notorious Al Spencer outlaw gang.*

Francis L. ("Jimmy") Keating and Thomas Holden—*train robbers.*

Harvey Bailey—*bank robber.*

IT was nearly time to go to Chicago again. An underground letter travelled toward Leavenworth, announcing that the gang could be found at the O.P. Inn.

There was quite a party at the O.P. Inn. There persons described the projected Leavenworth break as the convicts themselves conceived it.

If they could only get guns and cartridges and explosives, everything would be easy. Two of the men could present themselves at the warden's office on forged passes; kidnap and force him to the front gate, where other convicts would be armed with dynamite. Their threats to blow up the wall would force the warden to produce the keys. They would then take his car and hurry away.

Frank Nash leaned back in his chair as all this was recited. This was his own idea, talked over at length with other prisoners, long ago, in Leavenworth. Holden ran a hand through his bushy hair, now bright with henna.

"I guess we can get the artillery easy enough," he said. That night Harold Fontaine sent a telegram which, in its seeming innocence, passed the censorship and reached Harry Brown, one of the plotting convicts:

"Mother and Frances are well. I will leave next week. Love.

"Margaret M. Brown."

In the code, this meant that the contact between Fontaine and the escaped convicts had been established, and that the guns and dynamite soon would be on their way.

A portion of Leavenworth seethed as the news of the telegram was passed.

It was now a matter of smuggling in the guns to make the break possible. Frank Nash said a short good-bye to Frances Luce, whom he had taken from the O.P. kitchen and set up in an apartment in Cicero, where they lived together.

A day later there was a purchase of guns and ammunition at a shop in Peoria, Illinois, including a sawn-off twenty-gauge shotgun, four revolvers and ammunition, seventeen sticks of dynamite and a hundred nitro caps and fuses, by which this explosive could be fashioned into hand grenades.

On that same day a man called at the office of a shoe-paste manufacturer in St. Louis and ordered a thirty-gallon barrel of paste to be shipped to Joliet, Illinois. This was Harold Fontaine.

The barrel was taken from the express office at Joliet to a place of hiding. There the four conspirators wrapped the revolvers in a pillow slip, pushed this into a piece of automobile inner tube, then, after vulcanising the ends, shoved the parcel deep into the paste.

The same procedure followed with the shotgun, the caps and dynamite and cartridges. The barrel was resealed. It was painted the peculiar colour of red which containers from this factory bore when they arrived at the penitentiary.

Then, early next morning, the four men started in a truck for St. Louis.

Keating and Holden took turns in the driver's seat. Frank Nash jolted along in the body of the truck, that he might watch the precious barrel. Monk Fontaine remained beside the drivers, with a machine-gun.

He was the guard, not of the barrel, but of these three escaped prisoners, who, rumbling along the road in their truck, were obsessed with their task of attempting to free other desperate men.

FONTAINE had his orders; if officers approached, he must kill them.

Here they were in unprotected territory. The St. Louis Police Department is hated in the criminal world for its efficiency.

The truck rattled into St. Louis and to a freight station there. The prosaic-appearing barrel was rolled off the rear and into the depot; the shipping tag was made out, the usual receipts given, while peering from the covered driver's seat of the truck sat Fontaine and his machine gun the safety catch off, the ugly muzzle half-raised. But no enquiring officers appeared.

That afternoon a second telegram travelled into Leavenworth. It read:

"Aunt Emma very ill. Leaving St. Louis to-night.

"Margaret M. Brown."

"Aunt Emma" was the barrel of shoe paste. No wonder she was ill, with that arsenal in her gizzard.

Convicts watched every arrival of the prison truck following that telegram.

At last, on December 9, the prison

(*Continued on page 38*)

Which profession is the most NERVE STRAINING?

FEW professions demand so much reserve of nerve-force as acting. Practically all actors and actresses of note on the stage to-day have learnt, from experience, that a course of PHOSFERINE is necessary, not only to maintain their energy and vitality, but also to preserve that vivacity, pep and charm which have helped to make them idols of the public.

You, too, can keep up your working store of nerve-force by taking a course of PHOSFERINE. Just 5 to 10 drops in a little water 2 or 3 times a day before meals will work wonders. Get a bottle to-day.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for	for	for	for
INFLUENZA	NEURALGIA	LASSITUDE	NERVE SHOCK
DEBILITY	MATERNITY WEAKNESS	NEURITIS	MALARIA
INDIGESTION	WEAK DIGESTION	FAINTNESS	RHEUMATISM
SLEEPLESSNESS	MENTAL EXHAUSTION	BRAIN FAG	HEADACHES
EXHAUSTION	LOSS OF APPETITE	ANÆMIA	SCIATICA

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

"Try this Bondman Virginia, John"

"No thanks, Bondman Empire suits me"

Different tastes but they both smoke Lloyds'

BONDMAN

BECAUSE IT'S FRESH

—packed in Vacuum Tins

- BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
- BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND • • • 10d per oz. (36)

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I have treated ——— for Rheumatism and Sciatica with URACE brand TABLETS with excellent results; she is better than she has been for years. Sister M. C. N——, S.R.N. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/-.

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THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SCREENED GRID SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3-VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a very low price and on Terms you can afford. Every component the best of its class. Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils. Double Circuit Tuning. Full Vision Illuminated Dial. British Valves. 120-volt H.T. Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator. Permanent Nickel-Aluminium Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Steel Chassis. Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18½in x 10½in x 9½in. Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. £7.12.0

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Easy Terms: 8/- now, and 8/- monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including super Hets.

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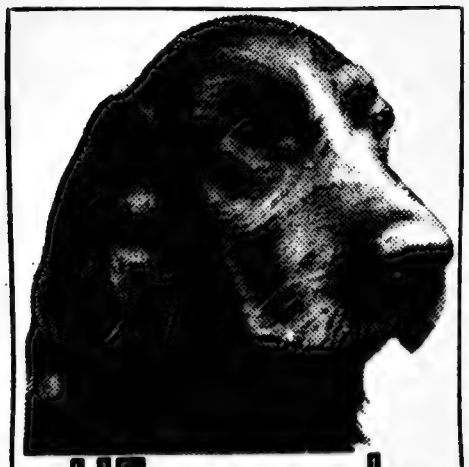
CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/8,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d.



HE appeals to YOU—

YOUR dog looks to you to keep him happy and contented. He needs a regular tonic to be always healthy and bright. See that he's well-cared for, and kept fit with Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders!

SOME people seem to forget that dogs need this little care and attention. They can't understand why their pet is mopy and listless instead of full of vim and vigour, why he scratches at his coat, won't eat his food; doesn't want to play. They think he's ill-tempered when really he's *ill-conditioned.*

DON'T let him suffer. Give him Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders regularly every week. They will keep his blood pure, his coat in condition, his appetite good and fill him with energy and vitality. Start to-day to keep *your* dog happy and healthy with Sherley's.

SHERLEY'S

TONIC & CONDITION POWDERS

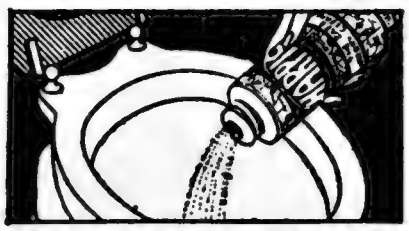
6d. and 1/- per packet from chemists, stores and corn merchants.—A. F. Sherley and Co., Ltd., 18, Marshalsea Rd., London S.E.1.

FOG gets into your throat. Put your voice right with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

Exit—YOUR MOST UNPLEASANT JOB!

Lavatory-scrubbing is unpleasant and unhealthy. Moreover, no brush can ever reach round that hidden bend in the pipe.



Just a sprinkle of Harpic, without any brushwork, keeps your lavatory spotlessly white and sanitary — free from germs and odours. It sweeps right round the bend in the pipe — cleans *and* disinfects. Don't use dangerous acids. Use Harpic. In NEW EASY-FLOW TIN — 6d., 1/-, 1/9d.

JUST A SPRINKLE OF HARPIC THAT'S ALL IT NEEDS

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

The Great "Crush Out"

(*Continued from page 36*)

truck drove up to the warehouse platform with a red barrel among its other freight. A guard made the usual inspection, necessarily a cursory one, and merely to determine that shipments apparently were in the same condition in which they had left the factory.

Then the red barrel was dumped off and the truck rumbled on to another part of the factory. Kulick turned the container on its side, and with pushing kicks rolled it around to what is known as the oil-house.

Then the word passed, from convict to convict, that the guns were here.

One by one, under various pretexts, they left their work. The oil-house was not guarded. Here they dug deeply into the paste and brought forth the heavily loaded pieces of inner-tubing.

With guns concealed under their convict clothing, they rolled the barrel into the factory, down into the plumbing shop, where they emptied it and burned the barrel and tubes in the stove. That done, they hid the dynamite and caps and ammunition under a pile of waste materials.

Most of the revolvers went into the desk of the first-aid man in his little office. But one or two of the inmates clung to theirs, running the risk of detection that they might lug them to their cells and there, in the dimness following "lights out," caress them. A tough convict loves a deadly weapon.

Two days later the break came.

UNDER various pretexts the conspiring inmates left their posts, while a perfect shout of silence wished them well. A little later three of the convicts, followed at a distance by the other four, moved toward the rear gate. There three forged passes were presented, all they had.

The guard let them through, only to see one of the convicts suddenly whirl upon him and press a revolver into his stomach.

"Give me those keys," the inmate demanded.

The guard obeyed. Again the gate was unlocked and the four other convicts came through. After that the gates were locked, to hold remaining guards captive; the one at the rear gate was taken along as a hostage.

The two preceding convicts had leaped into the warden's office with guns levelled and kidnapped the warden. Now they joined the other men at the front gate. Here they commanded the warden to produce his keys. He refused. Dynamite was forthcoming.

"We'll blow the gate, you and everything else to hell!" the men threatened. "Give us those keys!"

At last the warden acquiesced. The gate swung wide. Members of the convict band made a rush for the warden's car, upon which they had planned their get-away. It was locked. They demanded the keys. The warden replied that they were in his office.

Herein lay the tiny fault which turned this escape from a prison break to a prison fatality. There was no time to return for the keys. Already the siren was screaming its eerie warning of a crush-out.

A car filled with negro hunters was passing Leavenworth Jail. The convicts rushed at it. White-eyed darkies flooded forth, scrambling in all directions, their guns abandoned. Into the car piled the convicts, forcing the warden to accompany them.

The day which followed was one of horror. There had been incessant thaws and freezes; unfamiliar with the thoroughfares, the convicts drove off the main highway and on to a slimy "cat" road, where the car slithered and finally crashed.

They commandeered another and wrecked it. Finally, in their madness, as it became evident that posses would soon be upon them, they shot the warden, severely wounding him, commandeered still another car and made a last attempt at liberty.

A dozen posses now formed. Airplanes took off from near-by fields. Soldiers were rushed from Fort Leavenworth. The sheriff's office sent forth

Harvey Bailey, who after the jail "crash-out" was seized by "G" men while playing golf

extra men as well as the local police and the prison guards.

Soon a part of the gang was cornered in a farmhouse, with law-enforcement bullets crashing the windows and tear-gas bombs flooding the interior with choking fumes.

But when at last posse members rushed the place, they found that their shots had been in vain. The guns which Nash and Keating, Holden and Fontaine had shipped in the shoe-paste barrel had been used for suicide. In an upstairs room, their bodies sprawled one atop the other, lay the inanimate, blood-splotched forms of Green, Durrill and Curtis.

For three days Earl Thayer, of the old Al Spencer gang, stuck it out in corn shocks, desperately striving to discover a method by which he might make his get-away and join his old partner, Frank Nash.

At last he forewent his dreams. Delirious and half-frozen, he staggered into the outskirts of Leavenworth, a thirty-thirty rifle which he had stolen from a farmhouse dragging from one clutched hand. There he surrendered.

BACK in Chicago, four men made ready for much travelling. Now they knew that they were decidedly hot. Fontaine went to Canada, where he was caught, returned and convicted. Nash, Keating and Holden called their wives and women and began a wandering career.

The gang now split, Holden and Keating going in one direction, Frank Nash in another. But finally, in the spring of 1932, after many miles, they met again. To their minds, the heat had cooled. They could again begin to congregate.

After that, the incessant movement began again. But most of them got together again in Kansas City. From here, Harvey Bailey, Alvin Karpis, Freddie Barker, and several others made numerous forays against banks in Kansas, Missouri and Iowa. Returning, they played golf. Always they played golf.

These patient Special Agents had not relaxed their vigilant search for an instant. Still checking, still asking questions, they went the rounds.

At last it all brought something specific. A St. Paul bootlegger attempted to sell some bonds at a Minneapolis bank. The numbers were checked, and the collateral found to have been stolen from two messengers of the First American National Bank of Duluth.

This had been a Keating-Holden-Nash-Harmon job, committed only seventeen days before the Kraft robbery in which Charlie was killed.

Again the meticulous checking process proceeded. Special Agents found a drug store where the men and women had traded. They discovered a restaurant where the crowd had eaten.

At last they found the apartment where Charlie and Paula Harmon had lived. From these they gained the list of telephone calls. One by one these were checked; finally they found a lead. Kansas City Special Agents, picking up the information which St. Paul had forwarded, visited a manufacturer of hand-made golf clubs.

It seems that Charlie Harmon had telephoned this place, long distance, from St. Paul the summer before.

The manufacturer couldn't remember the call; he got so many. They showed the pictures. Most of them he failed to recognise. At last, however, his gaze centred. He was quite sure about Keating and Holden; they had been here recently.

Every golf course now became a place of surveillance. At one, the Old Mission, Special Agents got good news. Men who answered the descriptions of Keating and Holden had played there only that afternoon and had said they would return to-morrow.

The next day an expensive automobile stood in the driveway of the golf course. In it were charmingly gowned women, chatting pleasantly—Marge, Lillian and a friend. Out on the course, Jimmy Keating, Thomas Holden and Harvey Bailey moved along the fairway.

Far in the rear, Bernard Phillips dubbed along; he had been in the rough all the afternoon. Suddenly his attention centred on a widespread circle of men, converging upon the fairway.

Golf lost its interest for Bernard Phillips. Evidently these intruders had not noticed him; the bank robber turned, strolled with head down until he reached a hedge, then ran.

KEATING, Holden and Bailey knew nothing of this. They moved blithely on, talking of this shot and that one, a great mashie approach to the seventh green or that long putt on the third.

Then they gasped with surprise. That circle of men had closed in. Automatics appeared in the hands of police and Special Agents. The three men raised their hands. A long hunt was over.

Frank Nash knew nothing of the arrest until he read of it in the Chicago newspapers. Keating and Holden already were headed back for Leavenworth, to serve out the remainder of their sentences, with no time off.

The police, who had aided Special Agents in the capture, had found a bond on Harvey Bailey which they had identified as having come from the robbery of a bank in Fort Scott, Kansas. Bailey had taken that excursion with Barker and Karpis.

So Keating and Holden were gone. Old Harvey Bailey was in for trouble down there at Fort Scott.

Frank Nash took many drinks that night. Usually this procedure was because he liked whisky. To-night it was because he never had liked golf.

Race with "Silver Ring."

The Flat Again

MARCH introduces the flat-race campaign, the Spring Double and the band of mushroom bookmakers, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

Circulars offering tempting prices for the Lincoln and National bait the hooks of the catch-as-catch-can brigade.

It is impossible to help backers who fall for the "Gone Away" layers. JOHN BULL's advice is to stick to the men you know and study their rules carefully.

Keen Blade—5 to 1—gave the Code a good start at Windsor's resumption, and I hope to have a nice one for Gatwick this week-end.

Lincoln and National selections remain the same. Sea Bequest and Law Court; and Golden Miller and Double Crossed, respectively.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, Feb. 27, to Wednesday, March 4.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. RKYAS2 would read WAUKOO.

The longer they live — the younger they feel!

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets are not an ordinary tonic or a temporary stimulant, but a *natural* revitalizer and rejuvenator. Their chief constituent is the basic substance of all vital energy. 'Phyllosan' tablets are instantly absorbed into the blood, filling it with natural revitalizing and rejuvenating elements which give new life to every body cell. They stimulate the rebuilding of wasted tissues, improve appetite, and increase all physical and vital forces, *irrespective of age!*

Of particular importance to those over forty is that 'Phyllosan' tablets rejuvenate the arteries, correct high blood pressure, and fortify the heart, thus relieving the most ominous symptoms of middle-age.

If you are "feeling your age," suffer from hardening arteries, high blood pressure, or heart weakness—*start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!* Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. If you take them regularly, the results will astonish you!

'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne. The 5/- size is twice, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the 3/- size. Sold by all chemists.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS TO-DAY!

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, increase all your Vital Forces

FREE Tablet-container & Book

We offer you a novel tablet-container in coloured bakelite, for pocket or handbag, in which you can put twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time. This container will be sent FREE, together with a copy of our book "Revitalisation and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility," on receipt of coupon and 1½d. stamp for postage. Offer is of container only. No tablets will be sent.

Proprietary rights are not claimed apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

COUPON

To NATURAL CHEMICALS LTD., (Dept. 47) 12 Clipstone St., W.1.

I enclose 1½d. stamp. Please send a pocket-container for 'Phyllosan' tablets, together with free book.

Name.....

Address.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS and use margin. Send stamp in stamped envelope. J.B.29/2/36

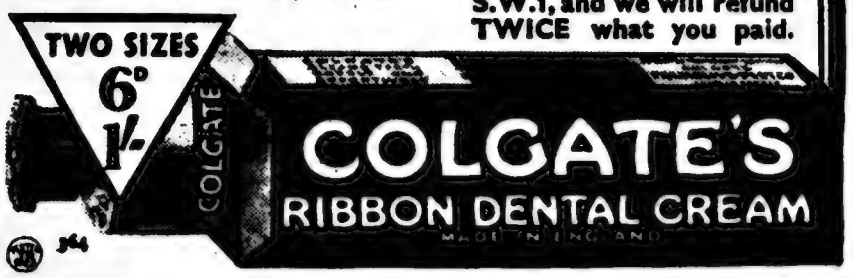
FOR YOU TOO CLEANER BRIGHTER TEETH

One Tube did it

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by the things you eat and drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn stains. Natural brilliance is quickly restored. Why not prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference these two cleansing actions can make in the lustre of your teeth.

or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1, and we will refund TWICE what you paid.



HURRY FOR IT!

Everybody will want "John Bull's" Great New £1:1:0 Presentation. Thousands of things to make and do in the home! Thousands of ways of saving money! Don't delay—Simply turn to pages 4 and 5 at once and HURRY.

ANÆMIA GENERAL DEBILITY NERVE, LIVER & KIDNEY TROUBLES SLEEPLESSNESS &c.

FREE 20,000 Trial Supplies with Explanatory Treatise of Dr. Varkoff's Amazingly Successful Treatment.

Much careful negotiation and no small expense has been involved in arranging for the introduction of Dr. Varkoff's discovery into this country. Remedy to British sufferers from Anæmia, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression, Nerve, Liver and Kidney Troubles, etc., has now been definitely and finally assured by this famous Continental Specialist, who insists, however, on the most careful preparation of his formula under the most highly qualified Chemists. Happily all the conditions for the approved manufacture of Dr. Varkoff's Vitamin B Liver Extract in tablet form (Dr. Varkoff Brand Tablets) have now been arranged. The Tablets are now available to the British Medical Profession and the Public. The NEW RICH BLOOD created by this Treatment has ensured amazing results in bad cases of Anæmia and General Debility.

You may obtain a free sample of Dr. VARKOFF Brand Tablets, together with the Famous Specialist's Treatise. Fill in and post coupon below.

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Please send me Free Trial Supply of Dr. Varkoff Tablets. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing.

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.....

PILES

Sufferers from the maddening irritation, the exhausting, agonising pain caused by piles! Do not wait until piles (hæmorrhoids) reach such a terrible state that a serious operation may be necessary. Ask your chemist all about this special remedy. He knows the ingredients from which this inexpensive and scientific remedy is made. He can show you, too, the special applicator fixed to each tube of Man Zan, which makes the use of this soothing, healing unguent so clean and simple.

Man Zan is no ordinary ointment. It is prepared for one purpose only—to end the irritation, allay the inflammation and definitely banish piles. From the very first application you feel the irritation and inflammation ending, and if you will only persevere, never more will you be tortured with the agony of piles.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/- (including special nozzle applicator). Remember the name of this splendid remedy—

ManZan BRAND PILE REMEDY

BEFORE BREAKFAST & BEFORE BED

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.

Sold everywhere.

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

Send for FREE Catalogue of

A Full-size Easy Chair that adjusts itself! For 19/- down.

Fill in the coupon on page 31 for free illustrated Catalogue, easy terms, etc., of the Superiax Model illustrated and other Berkeley Upholstery.

Rheumatism & STOMACH COMPLAINTS

Mrs. Ellery, 77, Lordens Hill, Dinnington, nr. Sheffield, writes:—"I must thank you for the good effects Vitadatio has done for me. It is a year since I started taking it for Rheumatism and Stomach complaint. I was in bed nearly three months when my husband got me a 5/- bottle, and after taking a few doses, I could feel it doing me good. A few days after this, I had a violent sickness, and shortly after I felt myself picking up, and now I feel a new woman, thanks to Vitadatio."

If you are a Sufferer, Get a Bottle To-day!

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET OF TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd. Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle. Post, 6d. extra in U.K. Special £1/- Export Bottles, post free, from VITADATIO No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Nagging Pains in the Back

BACKACHE SUGGESTS kidney weakness and when there are also urinary irregularities, disturbed nights, dizziness and lassitude, the trouble is self-evident. Don't wait for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago! Strengthen the kidneys at once with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put an end to needless pain and will bring back your health and vigour.

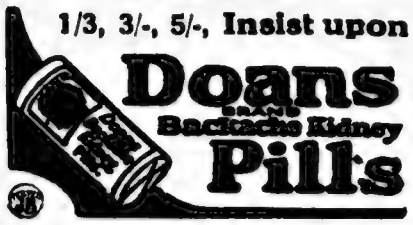
Colds weaken the Kidneys.

Mrs. B. Houghton, 26, Llanwern Street, Newport, Mon., says:—"The least cold affected the kidneys, causing severe dragging pains in the lower part of my back. At times my hips were rheumatic, the pains extending down to the ankles. The kidney excretions were disordered and contained sediment.

"I am thankful I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They have done me more good than anything else I have ever tried.

(*Signed*) B. Houghton."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon



THE BIG TWO

NO AGENTS — WRITE DIRECT

Secure Long Odds NOW for the LINCOLN AND NATIONAL

The Great Spring Double.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST

One Shilling up to any amount can be invested by letter in accordance with rules.

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

FOOTBALL

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

Six Leagues — Nothing Barred

ALL POSTAGE PAID

Please send your Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
J.B.29/2/36

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE L^TD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

Write to John Bull About It—

WHEN the pay "cuts" were restored to the Services the public thought that all the men serving would benefit. But the lucky ones were those who already had the highest rate of pay; men who joined after 1925 received no relief.

On paper—recruiting paper—the young soldier gets 2s. a day for three years. That suggests 14s. a week, but he never gets it. After deductions for washing, sports, rifle and other clubs he is lucky to leave the pay table with half that amount—and no soldier can live on the food allowance alone, but must patronise the canteen.

Many a man has tried to help a widowed mother by enlisting, lured by the recruiting advertisements. These cannot be accused of actual lying, but the practical application of their suggestions is impossible.

CORPORAL,
Aldershot.

Expensive

To-day I have travelled forty miles to attend an assize as a juror, only to find after waiting that my services were not required.

For this I receive nothing, though my expenses are a day's pay, train fares, and two meals at a near-by café.

Am I to believe the "honour" of receiving a notice to attend is sufficient recompense?

T. C., Cheshire.

Telling the Wife

A. G. Gardiner's article on "Why tell the wife" is a sound one. But there must be discrimination when the wife is unable to cut her garment in accordance with the cloth.

Most women, I believe, feel that an increase in income is the signal for an increase in expenditure, for an extra dash to be shown. My solution would be to give the wife an understatement. She would overspend on that without a doubt, but the amount would not be an alarming one. Man and wife would be in that admirable position where the man feels himself a martyr and gets increasing sympathy at a smaller outlay.

As for the out-and-out spender there is no curb for her rashness, unless it be the minimum of hard cash.

MORRIS DIXON, Kendal.

Overweight—At a Price

The other day I bought some cheese at 8d. a pound. The weight came to eighteen ounces. "Tenpence, madam—is that too much?" the assistant asked.

When I pointed out that this made the extra two ounces cost 1s. 4d. per lb. he looked very uncomfortable, but every day I see other housewives duped in a similar way.

How much extra profit must find its way to the till!

A VICTIM, London, W.

How to Save Mothers

The midwife does not merit the grave condemnation of your recent article. Speaking as one who qualified in 1925 and has since been in continuous practice, I know of no case that a certified midwife could not deal with in conjunction with medical help.

But, either through ignorance or persuasion by lay people, the average prospective mother does not notify her condition soon enough to the proper quarter.

Make pregnancy a notifiable condition by law, then should abnormalities arise they could be minimised and rectified. Patient and nurse would meet less as strangers, and the whole period would be less of a strain with the knowledge that someone interested and capable was in the background.

S.C.M.6407.

Problem

I have divorced my husband and feel I can no longer wear the wedding-ring on the third finger of the left hand since it has lost its significance.

To transfer it to the right hand would lead people to surmise that I am single, though I have a small daughter. What should a discarded wife do?

Mrs. J., Cricklewood.

Justice Varies

We are proud of British justice, but here is a list of recent sentences at various courts.

For persistent shoplifting, bound over. Theft of one bottle of milk, seven days' imprisonment. Assaulting a policeman, £2 fine. Taking a street bet, £25 fine. Persistent cruelty to a wife, £1 fine.

Something wrong somewhere, isn't there?

M. CLOUD, Filton.

Infamous

The Shop Acts are not only inadequate, but, owing to lack of systematic inspection, are often ignored.

Young women especially must stand in cold shops for seventy to eighty hours a week. Assistants are often deprived of their half-day holiday, and the prescribed times for meals ignored. Sometimes they have to eat at the shop, breaking off to serve customers, while unpaid overtime is common.

Complaint is useless, as the paltry wages may be the mainstay of a family.

JOHN BULL should launch a campaign against this evil both in the interests of the workers and the majority of tradespeople who try to maintain decent conditions, against whom the tactics of the other type constitute unfair competition.

A. W., Glamorgan.

[*We have dealt with this scandal from time to time.*—EDITOR.]

All Dressed Up

Coal-mine regulations were obviously made to be observed, but—a colliery management is previously informed of a coming visit by an inspector, and consequently everything is put in order. When the visit is over, conditions revert to what they were.

For example, certain jobs require the services of two men because of their dangerous nature. This regulation is observed only when the inspector is due.

It should be a breach of duty for the colliery officials to be informed of impending inspections!

ONE WHO KNOWS, S. Wales.

Hitler's Latest

I tender my sincere congratulations on your revelation of Hitler's new decree for the banishment of the Jews from Germany. This man is a maniac whose downfall cannot come too soon.

All dictators have acquired power when a country is in chaos and does not know which way to turn. So it was with Germany when Hitler stepped in to "save the German people from Communism." To-day the Germans are a disillusioned race and Hitler has to resort to the means you have outlined to restore confidence.

I hope I shall never live to see England under the sway of a fanatic posing as a saviour of the people.

W. C. WEBB, Maidstone.

Two Years' Ordeal

My daughter and brother have both been on the waiting list of the infirmary for two years.

Two friends of mine, recently taken ill, were advised by their doctor to consult a specialist, whose fee was two guineas. They did so—and are already well on the way to recovery.

But what of those who cannot afford such a fee and are still waiting for treatment at the public institution which they help to support?

FAIR PLAY, Doncaster.

Letterbox Tests

An unsealed envelope delivered to my house was addressed to myself "or occupier." It contained an illustrated circular advertising various methods of birth control, and the first eyes to see it were those of a child.

On another occasion a packet containing medicine in the form of sweetmeats was pushed through the letterbox. The same child promptly ate the lot—with distressing results.

There should be a law covering such breaches of common-sense by door-to-door advertisers.

W. L., Wimbledon.

Do-nothing Landlords

I want the tenants of pre-war houses to get a square deal from their landlords. The cost of living has come down for owners as well as for workers, but the some rent is collected and necessary repairs are neglected.

People I know have occupied a house, costing £150 when built, for thirty-five years—yet are afraid to ask for renovations.

Surely the owner should be made to fulfil his obligations!

SUB-TENANT, Leicester.

Legal Bullies

Why, in court cases, are counsel allowed to ask impudent questions and make statements which hurt and may even ruin the witness for life?

Let the persecuted person retaliate and the learned lawyer immediately appeals to the judge, who usually reproves the victim.

We look with horror on American third-degree methods, but we should heed our own legal bullying.

J. H. P., Eastleigh.

Modern Inquisition

The proposal to curb the excessive powers of coroners, of which we read in JOHN BULL, will meet with general approval—particularly from those who have experienced the bitterness of unpleasant handling by these officials.

I write as one who, in the midst of tragedy affecting a beloved mother, was compelled to undergo callous discourtesy at the inquest.

Added as it was to the shock of bereavement, I shall ever remember that inquest inquisition and its creators with a shudder of horror.

BEREAVED, London, N.W.

Red Tape

A queue had been waiting for two hours outside the Employment Exchange one bitter morning. A poor devil collapsed, but before being removed to hospital he was given a restorative to bring him round and then made to sign a form.

A car crashed into a wall, its occupants seriously injured. An ambulance was called, but because the accident took place just outside the boundary it refused to give assistance. Before another ambulance arrived one of the victims succumbed.

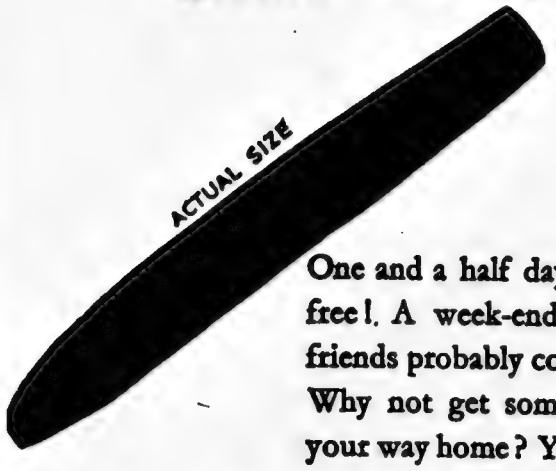
When will we see an end to all this red tape!

M. BIRNIE, Barrow-in-Furness.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

One guinea will be paid for the best letter and half-a-guinea for every other published. Mark envelope "Readers' Parliament."

This Saturday



One and a half days absolutely free!. A week-end at home—friends probably coming round. Why not get some Whiffs on your way home? You've surely earned a *luxury* smoke.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6° 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

W.W.17.

"Proof in the First 7 days that I Can Make YOU a New Man"

—CHARLES ATLAS

No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever dared make such an offer!

I'll give you PROOF in 7 days that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Just think of it! Right in the first week under my guidance you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly instructions arrive in your home you continue to rebuild, renew and "overhaul" your body. By the end of three months you are the owner of a powerful body that you will be proud to display anywhere, anytime! People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, your broad shoulders and they will seek your company. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while the others wonder how you did it!

I've no use for apparatus.

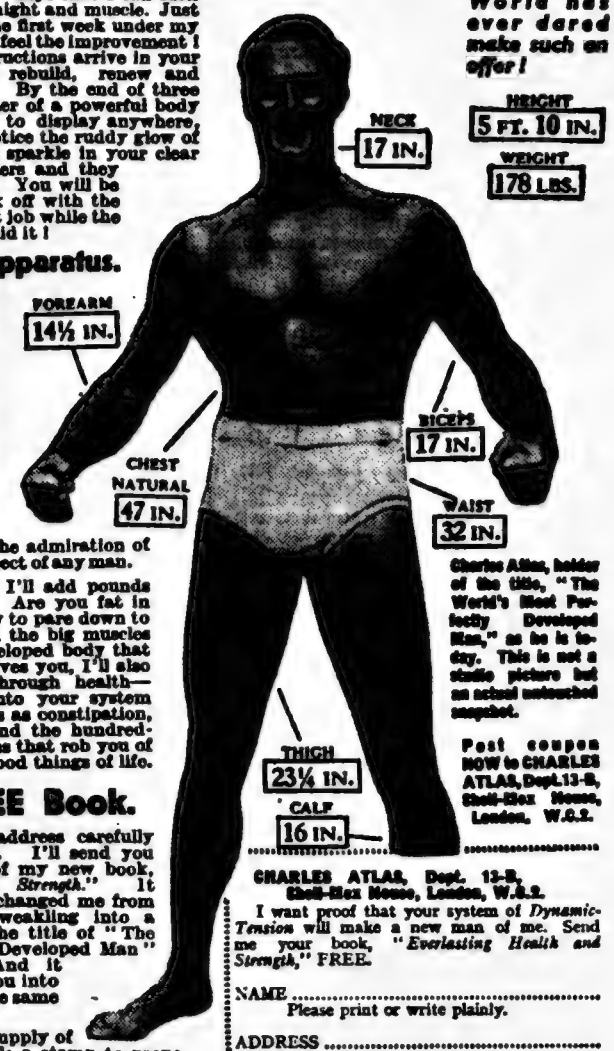
I haven't any need for apparatus that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose or doctor you. *Dynamic Tension* is all I need. It's the natural tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of surplus fat, and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where they are needed. Are you fat in spots? I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim. And with the big muscles and powerful evenly developed body that my method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and the hundred-and-one similar conditions that rob you of the good times and the good things of life.

Write for FREE Book.

Write your name and address carefully on the coupon on right. I'll send you absolutely free a copy of my new book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength.*" It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 7-stone flat-chested weakling into a lucky fellow who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" against all comers! And it shows how I can build you into an "Atlas Champion" the same way.

Post coupon to-day, as supply of Books is limited. Gamble a stamp to prove I can make YOU a new man.



Charles Atlas, holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as he is today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

Post coupon NOW to CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13-B, Shell-Flex House, London, W.C.2.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13-B, Shell-Flex House, London, W.C.2.

I want proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a new man of me. Send me your book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*," FREE.

NAME .....
Please print or write plainly.

ADDRESS .....
.....

ASTHMA,

BRONCHIAL COUGH AND CATARRH BANISHED!

Doctor's great Vaso-Dilation Discovery described in new **FREE BOOKLET**

To-day dawns a new day of hope for all victims of Asthma and kindred complaints. The healing Vaso-Dilator principle discovered by Dr. B. W. Hair, M.D., is now within the reach of all—thanks to the reduction in price and the increase in size of the famous Dr. Hair (brand) Asthma Cure.

Himself an Asthma victim for eleven years, Dr. Hair found that the spasms of Asthma came from the contraction of the muscles of the bronchial tubes and congestion of their mucous membrane lining, which naturally brought the familiar choking, strangling sensation.

The world-famous Remedy which Dr. Hair created has a Vaso-Dilator action which disperses congestion, releases the muscles of the bronchial tubes, restores easy natural breathing and loosens the crippling hold of the disease on the system.

Take the first step to-day back to glorious health. Fill in and post coupon below for the *free* illustrated 48-page Medical Book by Dr. Hair, explaining his great discovery of Vaso-Dilator action, with details of the *new Reduced Prices and Increased Sizes of the Dr. Hair (brand) Asthma Cure.*

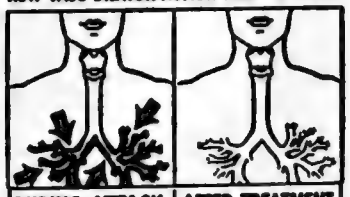
TO DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE LTD., DEPT. 3.B, STANWELL MOOR, STAINES, MIDDLESEX.
Send me, without cost or obligation, Dr. Hair's 48-page Medical Book on Asthma, with Health Rules, Diet Suggestions and Patients' Testimonies.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
Post in unsealed envelope, using halfpenny stamp.

Dr. HAIR ASTHMA CURE
NEW PRICES 64 DOSES FOR 4/6 32 DOSES FOR 2/6

FREE MEDICAL BOOK

Read the most inspiring Message of Comfort to suffering humanity ever written! Fill up and post coupon below for *free* 48-page book by Dr. B. W. Hair, M.D., discoverer of the Vaso-Dilator principle which ended his own eleven years of suffering.

HOW VASO-DILATOR ACTION ENDS ATTACKS



DURING ATTACK	AFTER TREATMENT
Arrows show how the muscles in the bronchial tubes are contracted and the mucous membrane is congested, bringing the familiar choking, strangling sensation.	Vaso-Dilator action disperses congestion, releases the muscles of the bronchial tubes, restores easy natural breathing and weakens Asthma's hold on the system.

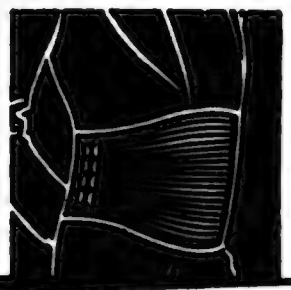
POST COUPON NOW

Forget you're ruptured

. . . with the new Rigiflex Belt

A NEW and brighter era for sufferers from Rupture began with the creation of the Rigiflex Belt, which has made all other rupture appliances obsolete. Made from tough, lithe, supple tricot, you just don't know you're wearing it but for the glorious feeling of fitness—and the ability to do active things.

The action of the Rigiflex Belt is to give scientifically gauged support over the whole abdominal area with specially increased support at the point of the rupture. The Belt always keeps perfectly in place—gives you new confidence—in fact, so different do you feel that you seem to have started a new, better life altogether. The Rigiflex Belt has an additional tonic action, for the elastic tricot unobtrusively but consistently massages the abdomen, toning up the muscles and driving away superfluous fat.



The Rigiflex Belt costs from 42/-. Send coupon below for booklet giving fullest description. Available through approved Societies.

The Rigiflex Belt is obtainable only from Rigiflex Laboratories, 173, Regent Street, London, W.1. Telephone: Regent 7570.

SEND THIS COUPON for RIGIFLEX BOOKLET No. 6C

Messrs. Rigiflex Laboratories, 173, Regent Street, London, W.1
Please send me a copy of the Rigiflex Booklet.
Name .....
Address .....

HOW TO BANISH RHEUMATISM

Among present-day methods of treating rheumatism antacid treatment with 'Milk of Magnesia' is proving consistently successful. The efficacy of this remedy is easily understood when we remember that rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, gout, and several forms of kidney trouble are directly caused by an excess of uric acid in the body. Now the logical means of countering an acid is to use an alkali or antacid, and 'Milk of Magnesia' has proved itself to be ideal for the purpose. 'Milk of Magnesia' not only effectually neutralizes uric acid and eliminates it from the system, but it can be taken continuously with perfect safety by the most delicate sufferer.

A daily dose of 'Milk of Magnesia' effects a steady diminution of uric acid until the last vestiges of the rheumatic poison are removed and aches and pains cease.

In addition to its direct action on uric acid, 'Milk of Magnesia' goes to the very source of the trouble, for it overcomes the constipation and dyspepsia which are responsible for the accumulation of uric acid in the system.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 1/- per box—family size bottle 2/-. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Scalp Visible in Places Owing to Extreme Thinness of Hair

—Nothing Seemed to Help—

Then KOTALKO was Tried

—Falling of hair stopped
—Dandruff cleared
—Growth thickened

writes Mrs. B. LYONS. Read her voluntary testimony—

"For years my hair had been falling out, the scalp was quite visible in some places owing to extreme thinness of the hair. Nothing seemed to help, not even on the dandruff, which was very irritable. Yet two boxes of Kotalko stopped the falling of the hair, thickened the growth on the bare parts, and cleared the dandruff. The general hair-growth strengthened and gained new vitality."

"Kotalko Soap is also economical and very cleansing."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWTH

YOU can free your scalp and hair from hair-killing dandruff—stop hair falling and loss—even if nearly bald. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's Scalp and hair. Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse and Soften Scalp with Kotalko Soap—the TONIC Shampoo.

TEST-BOX COUPON
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53, D.O.), London, W.1.
Please send me post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A Super Bargain For HOUSEWIVES!

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTR. BOOKLET

Turn to p. 27 and fill in the coupon for booklet illustrating the Hoover Junior.

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind a dustpan and brush. Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeper and replace with an effortless, thorough cleaning Hoover which can now be secured for only a few shillings down and small monthly payments. The Hoover Junior is illustrated on page 27.

Get full particulars of this wonderful model by filling in the coupon, or write mentioning "John Bull," to Hoover, Ltd. (Dept. X.2), Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

FIDDLER (Hampstead).—"I train and diet like an athlete." So that you can feel as fit as your fiddle?

L. F. (Barnsley).—"A man ill-treated a dog just because he preferred a Persian kitten." He should have the cat.

CENTRE-FORWARD (Bolton).—"I soon discovered that it did not pay to swank on the field." So now you are off side?

R. M. (London, S.E.).—"My coalman has kindly offered to empty my cellar of coal-dust." Just as a change from filling it?

MRS. H. (Taplow).—"If I eat food which hasn't been paid for, I always suffer for it afterwards." You pay for it later.

SALLY (Leicester).—"I was furious when my fiancé carelessly dropped his cigarette on my foot." You burned with indignation.

MAISIE (Southampton).—"Few men can bear to see a woman standing in a crowded train." So they keep their eyes on their newspapers.

T. R. (Tottenham).—"My husband and I have never had a single quarrel since we moved into our new house." The walls are too thin?

COUNTRYMAN (Rampisham).—"Watching the hunt I saw a well-known country gentleman thrown over a hedge by his horse." He's one of the landed gentry.

MRS. D. (Bond Street).—"The latest idea in evening wear is a frock with a train over a yard long." We think that it ought to be taken up.

TOM (Liverpool).—"Next week I am making my first calls as a commercial traveller. Can you advise me what to take?" Orders.

CENTRE-FORWARD (Birmingham). —"I gave an exhibition of dribbling and ball control on the stage last week." And then passed to the wings?

F. G. (Norwood).—"When my wife goes to the theatre she gives her pet Pekinese a seat all to itself in the stalls." So it's on velvet, eh?

G. H. (Halifax).—"What can a father who is afraid to give his daughter a key look forward to?" Getting up in the middle of the night to let her in, we suppose.

CONVINCED (Manchester).—"My pal kept on nagging until I attended a rugby match with him. Since then I rarely miss a match." Your pal had a good try and converted you.

AIRMAN (Hendon).—"Is there nothing that will prevent petrol tanks bursting into flame when a machine crashes?" Well, they might try making them in the shape of cigarette-lighters.

PEDESTRIAN (Bournemouth).—"I just escaped being knocked down, but by the time I had sufficiently recovered from the shock the car had proceeded beyond reach of my voice." So you let it pass.

L. H. K. (Hereford).—"According to my observations, the wisest men never think of complaining of the way their wives clean the house." Just in case they might retort, "Do it yourself."

TENANT (Custom House).—"For a year my landlord has been promising to repair the floor of my kitchen, but I don't suppose anything will be done about it." You expect it to fall through?

T. Y. M. (Hammersmith).—"A tailor in Chicago was saved from serious injury when a gunman's bullet was stopped by a bundle of accounts in his pocket." This should teach tailors who have accounts in their pockets to keep them there.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTHSEA EVENING NEWS:—"The fire was got under control after a fight lasting for two TOURS."

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—"Supper generally consisted of MARCONI and spaghetti."

GLASGOW WEEKLY HERALD:—"Steam engines function by means of a jet of steam which forces a CYLINDER UP THROUGH A PISTON."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS AND BRISTOL MIRROR:—"He had LIED all his life in the village. . . ."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—". . . as a number of policemen are always on NIGHTY duty."

THE BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"The ruched sleeves were drawn in tightly at the WAIST."

THE SOUTHPORT VISITER:—"Telescope used by Napoleon when captive at ST. HELENS."

BIRKENHEAD NEWS:—"—— went full length, but the ball beat him to pass just under the UPRIGHT."

A. C. (Huntly).—"Only a few herd of wild cattle are now left in Great Britain." And they should be left quickly.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write today. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Fragrant Minute

BANDSMAN IN BAREILLY

BANDSMAN in Bareilly! When you read this rhyme, we will be rejoicing in almond blossom time. We will be rejoicing and you will wistful grow, wondering if the daffodils are once more all aglow.

Bandsman in Bareilly! The heart's a truant thing when one is far from England and England's pink with Spring. When one is far from England, where one's very dearest dwell, the longing to return to them is more than tongue can tell.

Bandsman in Bareilly! How well I understand the keenness of your longing to reach your native land. Remember this for comfort. However slow time seems, each day you're one day nearer to the dear folk of your dreams!

Wilhelmina Stitch

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

JIM (Prestwich).—"A word or two will often give us the desired lift to the top." Or, "going down," to the bottom.

H. C. (Bodmin).—"Why is the year with the extra day known as leap year?" Because bachelors have to jump to it to escape.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"The one love of my wife is buying clothes." And what do you say when she has the bills sent in to you?

MOTORIST (Boscombe).—"My car only just touched a massive lamppost but it snapped right off." Evidently not up to standard.

GOLFER (Cambridge).—"I had my wedding-cake made in the shape of a ball." Then surely it was hardly sporting to ask your wife to slice it?

W. A. (Burnley).—"After a long tramp through dusty country lanes, do you know of anything more refreshing than a glass of water?" A bathful.

G. G. (Keston).—"It was a big blow to me when I put my foot through my umbrella which I had left open to dry." One in the ribs, in fact.

M. G. (Frome).—"I usually start the day with a cold bath and then have a couple of raw eggs for my breakfast." We once had a geyser and a cook like that.

T. Y. (Bury).—"According to a manufacturer, a newly invented rubber clip is the best thing for holding bundles of papers together." Apparently it beats the band.

MARRIED (Hampstead). —"What a change one little woman can make in a man's life." And what a heap of "change" she requires when she's doing it!

MRS. B. (Lancaster).—"I have lately been checking my butcher's accounts and find that he has been charging me for joints I have never ordered." He gave you a raw deal.

B. H. (Hendon).—"Persia is now buying fleets of aeroplanes for commercial use." We had no idea that there was such a serious shortage of magic carpets.

BUTCHER (Birmingham). —"I have entered into partnership with a local fishmonger and we are striving hard to make the business a success." You are putting your hearts and soles into it?

FOOTBALL FAN (Chelsea).—"It grieves me when a really good match has to be abandoned owing to the bad weather." But surely you can always fall back on your petrol lighter?

B. L. (Southsea).—"Nothing is of any use when it is cracked." what about a coconut?

D. R. L. (Cowes).—"My dog's coat gets very fuzzy when he is in front of the fire." Curled up?

A. B. (Portsmouth).—"When I leave the Service I'm going to look for a job with a good outlook." Coastguard?

G. P. (Hammersmith).—"What business has greater interest than salesmanship?" Money-lending.

G. N. (Rochester).—"When a wife becomes a mother she is better tempered." No time to nurse a grievance then.

G. T. (Petersfield).—"After a good innings of arguing with the Customs officials, I gave way to them." You declared.

H. H. (Nottingham).—"There was a certain acidity in her manner over the childish games we played." Oranges and lemons?

S. B. (Rayleigh).—"A musical comedy actress must have great powers of endurance." And so must her audience very often.

A. W. (Ipswich).—"My father had forbidden me to clean the skylight, but I disobeyed him. Unfortunately, my ladder slipped." So you went through with it?

TOM C. (Hornsey).—"I have discovered that my wife is a very poor cook. What shall I do?" Probably complain of indigestion.

H. P. (Pulborough).—"One of my hens has just laid its 2,000th egg. What do you think of that?" We fail to see what else it could have done with it.

GROCER (Stockport).—"I have had to get a much larger ledger in which to keep my accounts this year." You have a larger volume of business?

J. H. (Sunderland).—"What is my wife likely to do when she finds I have spilt some ink on our new carpet?" Wipe the floor with you.

R. N. (Frome).—"The skaters didn't have much of a time, because there was the danger of the ice cracking." They had a thin time of it?

FATHER (Tewkesbury). —"Any deficiencies in a boy's education can easily be made up by a trip round the world." He becomes a good all-rounder, as it were.

BOOT REPAIRER (Hackney).—"I get my jobs done quicker when there are no customers in the shop talking to me." The least said, soonest mended.

H. K. W. (Sutton).—"Thousands more are to be spent by the B.B.C. on broadcasting in the coming months." And on the broadcasting of *Bullets* prizes also. Look at that one-week programme of prizes value over £2,000 on page 47.

FRED (Coventry).—"If I wanted to settle a football argument, I'd sooner ask the opinion of the linesman than the referee." Well, the former certainly keeps more in touch.

ENTERTAINER (Chipping Norton).—"Owing to lack of time for practice, I had to stop performing the balancing feat which was a very popular item." You found you couldn't keep it up.

MISS A. R. (Dorset).—"Imagine my surprise when I said that I didn't think much of the "Human Top" at the circus, to find he was waiting for a bus just in front of me." We presume that he spun round?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING BRUSH

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the World. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING

which takes a quarter of the time,

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles, and keeps the face in perfect condition.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 TUBES & 1/6 POTS

The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

JACK: Good Heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.

REG.: It's no use, I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore, and shaving soap only makes it worse.

JACK: Good lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin and all the soreness will disappear.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R. 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

AT THE CASINO

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naido. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.

BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.

SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses anything else for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.

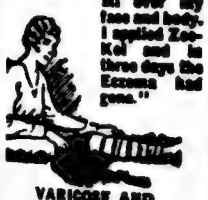
BARBARA: That's wonderful, I shall not rest until I have got some.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Do 6.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for stiff joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs **4d.** per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs **5/6** per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 514),
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

INCREASED NEW PENSION-PLUS-FORTUNE PRIZE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" ENTERTAINING "DIAGON" CROSSWORD

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500 or £1250

£150 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £100 (Winner drawn from those "JOHN BULL" receives more than one Entry Coupon in same envelope.)

NOTE NEW CLOSING DATE, GIVING EXTRA DAY TO WIN—FRIDAY, MARCH 6

PRESENTED on this page is the seventh of JOHN BULL'S new "Diagon" Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL,

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University, and—

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

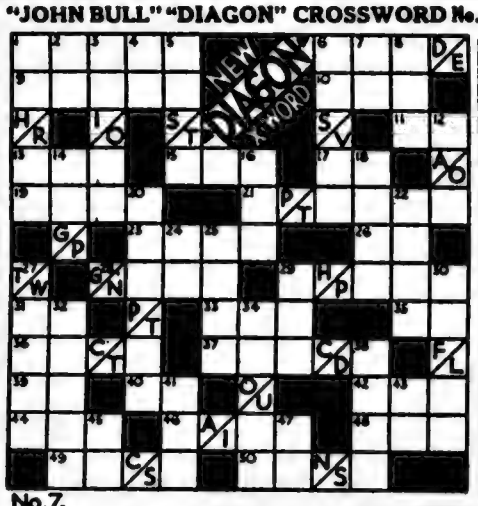
"Diagon" Crosswords take their name from a new feature in these puzzles. You will find that a number of squares are divided by a diagonal stroke and contain two given letters. In order to complete your Puzzle, first fill in all non-divided squares with the most apt and accurate Answers available. Coming then to the divided squares, note that only words that employ one of the given letters in them are to be considered. At each of such points, to indicate your choice of words made on the basis directed, you have merely to strike out in ink the letter rejected and leave untouched that letter which completes the word you have chosen by reason of its aptness and accuracy.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 19th, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this "Diagon" Crossword Competition. *(Patent applied for.)*

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 7 Closing (NOON) FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1936



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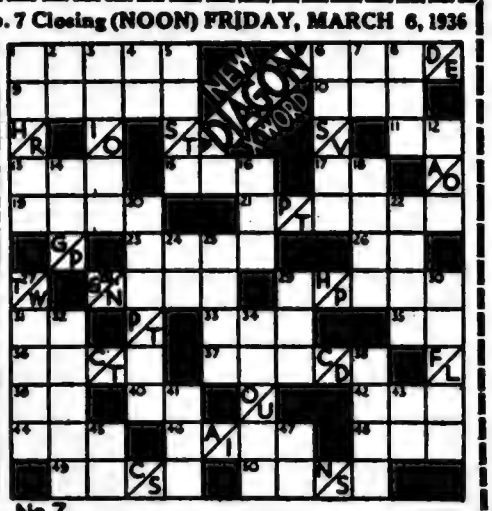


No. 7.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

P.O. value..... No.....

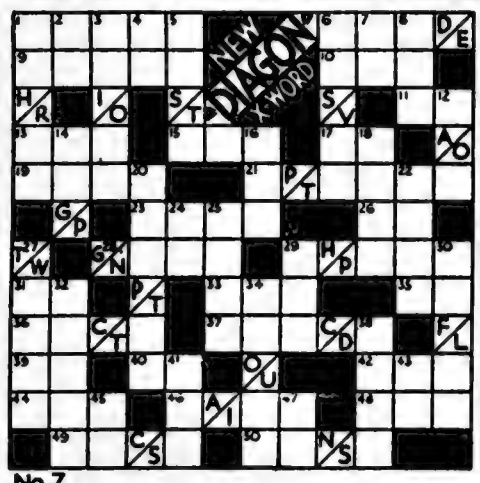
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 7 Closing (NOON) FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1936



No. 7.

No. 7.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

P.O. value..... No.....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "DIAGON" CROSSWORD NO. 7, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"DIAGON" No. 4

J.B.4

WINNERS ON PAGE 45.

The most meritorious Answers used by Competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those shown in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point Competitors who used the word PILE or PIPE were regarded as having submitted answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Diagon Crossword No. 4 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

GET THIS FREE HELP In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 47.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Coward trembles like this leaf
6. Becomes muddy after much rain
9. You find it in Curiosity Shop
10. First number in telephone
11. Remove middle from turf
13. The curate's one was good in parts
15. Long time in opera
17. Latter half of week
19. Window frame and worn round waist
21. Knots are often tied in this
23. Glutton does, too much
26. Begins lurching in slush
28. It's usually a job to discover what swindler's real one is
29. Wild ones are common in Abyssinia
31. Behead porker
33. Gasp ends with this
35. Knock stuffing out of sofa
36. Working this may be trying to the eyes
37. Handicaps gardener if it's small
39. Part of eel in well
40. Day without end
42. What officials fear in taxes
44. Is usually his mother's joy
46. Man who's this can usually manage animals
48. Best known wireless signal
49. Nations forget it too easily
50. Beware of tripping up when passing this

CLUES DOWN

1. You expect farmer to have a few
2. Beginning of supper
3. Disliked alike by schoolboys and undergrads
4. Cut ends off veil
5. Comedian's false one is to get laughs
6. He hates to admit defeat
7. Begins angrily in pantry
8. Tennis court is divided by one
12. You don't inhale this
14. Often occurs in improvised programme
16. He eats thistles in grass
18. Short for Kilogramme
20. Coal is, in stove
22. Are screwed on to bolts
24. Half team in game
25. Roadside cafe provides them for motorists
27. Often employed to avoid slating
29. Health resort in space
30. Shopkeepers must have these
32. Remove twelfth letter from gallop
34. Good one may help weaker man to win
38. Cold winds come from
41. Part of ship towards the stern
43. Ox turned round
45. Half nail in snake
47. How game ends

★ **THIS COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS**

FIRST PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT IN COMPETITION No. 4—See page 45

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Friday, March 6.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant many submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus, each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

If neither letter in a diagonally divided square has been deleted in ink, whole Puzzle Square will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 19. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 24, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the number of words which, in answering the Clues given, agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

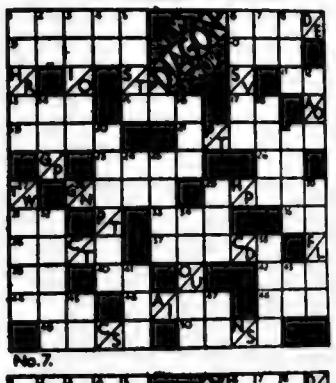
4.—Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES

Squares below are for your copies —not accepted as entries.



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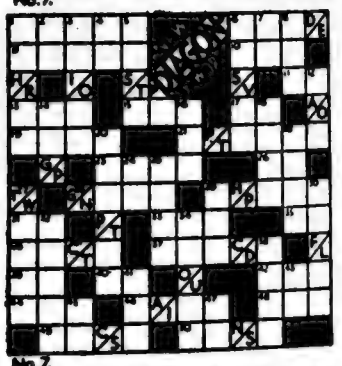

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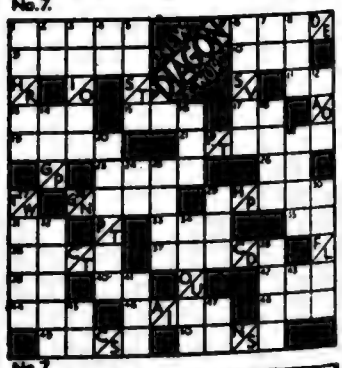

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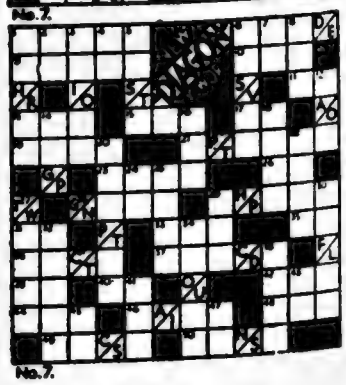

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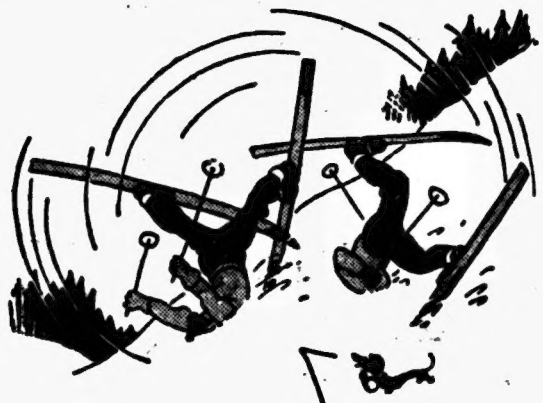
As they say on the slopes of the Snitzberg:



'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN.
they're blended better
- they're Wills's.

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 20 for 11½d.

C.C.497D

PENSION AND £500

WON OUTRIGHT IN CROSSWORD No. 4

In connection with "John Bull" Diagon Crossword No. 4, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by :—

C. AKEHURST, 75, AMELIA ST., WALWORTH, S.E.,

who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of 30s. a week and £500 cash, or a lump sum of £1,000 cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 3, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £500 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 10 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £50 :—

J. Bartlett, 20, Gas Street, Wellington, Som.
M. Baxter, 850, Green Lane, Dagenham.
C. A. Brown, 13, Salisbury Road, Bromley, Kent.
A. G. Cawley, L242, Sanatorium, Talgarth, Brecon.
I. Jowett, 2, Richmond Road, Thurnscoe, Nr. Rotherham.
H. Long, 382, Thorold Road, Ilford.
T. R. Lythgoe, 250, Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
B. W. Mead, 45, Macks Road, London, S.E.
W. Ravening, Blewbury, Didcot, Berks.
Mrs. Yarecki, 49, Bell Road, Hounslow.

THIS WAY

for "John Bull's" stupendous New £1 : 1 : 0 Presentation to every reader. You've always needed it! You need it NOW! Over the years it can save you hundreds of pounds. Turn to pages 4 and 5 right away and act without delay.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Are Nature's Danger Signals against YOU ?

Pull up until you get the "All Clear"

When your stomach feels heavy and distended after meals—when your food "repeats"—when sharp pains catch at your chest and heart all of a sudden—when acidity and heartburn bite you, burn you, nag relentlessly at you—**Nature's danger signals are against you.** You're being warned that your stomach has turned "bad" and "sour"—that your food isn't being properly digested—that it's producing wind and gas, or worse still, painful, gnawing acid eating into your stomach walls, paving the way for the dreaded gastric and duodenal ulcers.

Maclean Brand—the Stomach Sufferer's Friend

If you ignore these early danger signals more drastic measures may become necessary. Clean out your stomach *now* and keep it sweet and healthy with an occasional dose of the stomach sufferer's friend—Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. There will be no ulcers, no hospital treatment, no doctors' bills, no operation to fear. Go to your chemist to-day. Spend 1/3 or 2/- now on a bottle of the stomach powder that has given the "all-clear" to tens of thousands of stomach sufferers. Take a dose as soon as you get home and feel the magical difference !

Why Maclean Brand Stomach Powder cures

Alex. C. Maclean Stomach Powder does this :—

1. Puts a protective coating over the inflamed or delicate parts of the stomach, thus preventing the development of dangerous ulcers, etc.
2. Neutralises the acid which is eating into the stomach wall and causing pain.
3. Cleans the stomach and enables the body to extract its proper nourishment from your food.
4. Cleanses the intestines, thus preventing food waste from poisoning the system.

RIGHT AWAY for a healthy stomach

Gastritis gone in 3 weeks

"I am very pleased to praise your wonderful Stomach Powder. I suffered terribly with Gastric trouble until I started taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After 3 weeks I am glad to say I am much better, and shall always have a bottle in the house."
—Mr. G. A. (Kentish Town, N.W.5).

2 doses end Dyspepsia

"I have been a very great sufferer from acute dyspepsia for some time.
"One day I was in such terrible pain that I decided to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To my delight the very first two doses did me good. I was able to eat something and keep it down.
"I did not know what it was to have a night's sleep owing to pain and sickness—but, thanks to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I am a different woman."
—Mrs. E. A. U. (London, E.9).

The Signature is your safeguard

If you want real relief—quickly—make sure that you *do* get genuine Maclean *Brand* Stomach Powder. There is one easy way to tell the genuine powder. On every bottle—on every carton—

look for this Signature

Alex. C. Maclean

Genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose, but **only in bottles in cartons,** both bearing the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" which is your guarantee. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

The "Signature" Brand

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

The FATAL KNIFE

"John Bull" Reader's Wife a Victim of Sad Kitchen Tragedy

MOVING loose cutlery from a draining-board is one of the most common of a housewife's tasks, and Mrs. S. Lilley, of Sugar Lane, Knowsley, Prescot, Lancs, was thus occupied when, suddenly, the sharp blade of a knife caught her thumb.

Despite careful home treatment and medical attention, Mrs. Lilley's thumb got worse and she had to be removed to hospital, where she died from blood poisoning.

This tragic story graphically illustrates how even an ordinary, apparently harmless household duty can harbour danger, and how a trifling injury can have grave consequences.

As the late Mrs. Lilley was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50, the benefit provided under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has been promptly paid.

£759.1.7

for registered Readers during the past week

During the past week alone no less than £759 1s. 7d. has been paid to registered readers or their dependents as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£323	17	7
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£305	16	0
Accident Benefits—Children	£129	8	0
Total ...	£759	1	7

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

"John Bull" is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage caused by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST. Another exclusive feature is the benefit provided for SICKNESS.

"John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift also provides Benefits for Children's Accidents, Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Loss by Burglary and Damage to your Wireless Set by Lightning.

ALL ACCIDENT BENEFITS ADDITIONAL

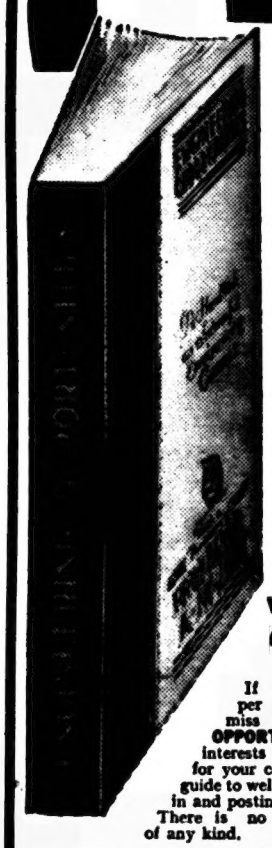
One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen years) and all Accident and Sickness Benefits are additional, i.e., Accident Benefits are paid in addition to any sums a registered reader may receive from any other sources.

All you have to do to secure "John Bull's" Great Gift of Security is to fill in the forms on page 33. It won't take a minute. DO IT NOW.

TURN TO PAGE 33 AND FILL IN FORMS AT ONCE

FREE!

This IMPORTANT GUIDE to SUCCESSFUL ENGINEERING CAREERS



After months of intensive effort and research, we are pleased to announce that the 1936 edition of our Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES," is now out of the publishers' hands and ready for free distribution.

Containing 268 pages of practical guidance, this book is, beyond argument, the finest and most complete handbook on Successful Engineering Careers ever compiled. It is a book that should be on the bookshelf of every person interested in Engineering whatever his age, position or experience.

The Hand-book contains, among other intensely interesting matter, details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T. A.M.I.R.E., CIVIL SERVICE and other important Engineering Examinations; outlines courses in all branches of CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, AUTOMOBILE, RADIO, TELEVISION and AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING, BUILDING, GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT, etc., and outlines the unique advantages of our Employment Department.

POST THIS COUPON NOW

WE DEFINITELY GUARANTEE

"NO PASS—NO FEE"

If you are earning less than £10 per week you cannot afford to miss reading "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." In your own interests we advise you to send for your copy of this enlightening guide to well paid posts, by filling in and posting the coupon NOW. There is no cost or obligation of any kind.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY
56, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 17,18 & 19, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

.....TEAR OFF HERE.....

FREE COUPON

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY,
56 Shakespeare House, 17-19 Stratford Place, W.1.

Please forward Free of cost or obligation of any kind, your 268 page Hand-book, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

"CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR £1,000 'BULLET'!" said his visitor from Long Acre

The "John Bull" man may soon be shaking *your* hand

WHEN a middle-aged man opened the door to me at No. 25, Whitecliffe Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth, writes the JOHN BULL man who interviews our *Bullets* First Prize-winners, there was no need for me to ask if he was Mr. W. H. Atkins.

Look at his smile. It told me quite plainly that he was the *Bullets* competitor who had just won £1,000 and a fine Radiogram.

This 47-year-old winner, who works as a draughtsman in the Royal Naval Dockyard, Portsmouth, well remembered the homely little incident that led in our 1,016th Competition to his First Prize *Bullet*, WONDERFUL WIFE—"SUCCEEDING" WITHOUT "DETHRONING" MOTHER.

"When I got home from work one cold evening," he recalled, "I found my slippers warming in front of a good fire. As soon as I had sat down, in came my wife with my tea, and she jokingly said, 'There's a wonderful wife for you!'

"I had the *Bullets* page open on my knee," he went on, "and spotted the *Example*, WONDERFUL WIFE, just after she made that remark. I remember saying that I ought to make a winner with that one."

At the R.N. Dockyard, where he has worked for 35 years, Mr. Atkins has gathered a circle of friends. "There are quite a number of the workers interested in *Bullets*," he told me, "and there are one or two doubters who used to argue about the Competition."

"You'll never win anything . . . you have to enter regularly for years before you can score . . . it's no good entering just a single coupon . . . you can't get a First without first winning smaller cash prizes. . . ." All these and other foolish fallacies he had heard from the sceptics.

Well, Mr. Atkins has never been a regular entrant, nor has he ever before secured a cash prize of any description. And when he does enter, it is seldom more than a single coupon.

So much for sceptics. Yet again their theories have been exploded by an average sort of man in an average sort of job, a reader with no special qualifications for writing *Bullets*, but a sensible realisation that the best effort wins and that one of his might well prove the best.

* * *

My note-book is ready to record *your* experiences in *Bullets*. My companion, the camera man, will be happy to record *your* winning smile. All that remains to bring us to your door, following a Golden Joy Wire from Long Acre on Friday, March 20, is for you to make this week's best *Bullet*.

The *Examples* await you on the opposite page and an £800-plus-Radio reward for a few minutes' thought is within your grasp to-day. Remember what Mr. Atkins did and get busy yourself.

OVER £1,275 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

Four First Prizes of £250 each, Competition No. 1,017:

V. DAVIES, 16, Elm Grove, Crouch End, London, N.
Example: ONE WAY OUT.
Bullet: OF "SHADOW," *Into* CHURCH.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. EDWARDS, 10, Booth Street, Nutgrove, St. Helens, Lancs.
Example: IN RAGS
Bullet: SMARTING—"SMART MAN WANTED."

T. IREMONGER, Curridge, Newbury, Berks.
Example: FATHER'S SOLO
Bullet: MIGHTY LIKE A *Crow's!*

T. S. JONES, 42, Tower Hamlets Street, Dover.
Example: FOR THE SAKE OF THE REST
Bullet: MAKE ROADHOG'S "BED" *Harder!*

OTHER PRIZES:

£50: M. JERMY, 56, Mather Road, Birkenhead.
Village Band—Pom! Pom! With Pomp!

£40: Miss H. M. REID, 1, Gloucester Court, Kew Road, Richmond.
In Rags—Wind's "Sharper"—And Police.

£30: Mrs. A. SANDELL, Ladyfield Cottage, Wilmslow, Manchester.
All Eyes—Optimist—Pessimist, All Tears.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20: F. PEARSON, The Lake, Silverdale, via Carnforth, Lancs.
Peace And Quiet—"Gone Away" From Civilisation.

5 PRIZES OF £5 Each:

T. W. G. ATKINS, 27, Picton Place, Cardiff.
Hard To Save—And Hardens Saver, Money.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

H. CHAMBERS, 24, Macaulay Drive, Lincoln.
One Way Out—Of *Two* Difficulties, Reservoirs.

W. MARSHALL, 25, Blacker Street, Burnley, Lancs.
One Way Out—Skyscrapers As Slum's "Cenotaph."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

L. STAGG, c/o Perchards Stables, Brock Road, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, C.I.
Blown Up—"Football" Thankful—Expected "Boot."

B. THOMAS, 4, Old Furnace, Burry Port, Carm.
Seems Odd—Softer Hands—Mightier "Arms."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. Each:

W. H. BAILEY, 56, Castle Road, Southsea.
She Said "No!" But—Unbent—But Unbending Now.

A. H. DOBLE, 13, Africa Gardens, Heath, Cardiff.
When The Accident Happened—Cyclist's Reflector Dazzled Motorist!

E. N. ELBURN, "Egremont," Orchard Leigh, Chesham, Bucks.
Blown Up — Canvasser — "Rounds" All "Blanks."

P. GILDERSON, 59, Fenton Road, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.
Sonny's Growing, So—"Big Man" No Longer.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. E. HERMON, 1, Howbury Street, Bedford.
Promoted—For Being Pretty, Ugly!

C. H. MALKINSON, 30, Cheam Common Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.
Father's Solo — 'Drowned" — We *Kept* Kittens!

I. W. OWEN, 79, Penchwintan Road, Bangor, N. Wales.
Trying It On—"Comes Off"—Goes On.

W. SWAINSTON, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks.
Sonny's Growing, So—After "Laurels"—And "Daisy."

C. TAMKIN, 76, Chessington Way, West Wickham, Kent.
Father's Solo—A Long *Lung Trial!*

G. WHITEHOUSE, The Bungalow, Harcourt Avenue, Urmston, Manchester.
Hard To Save—Sinners—Harder, "Sunday Christians."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

'Bullets' Cash and RADIO prizes value over £2,000 THIS WEEK ONLY!

FINE 2-IN-1 AWARDS FOR 100 COMPETITORS

1st PRIZE £800 CASH PLUS RADIO

£100 PLUS RADIO | £25 PLUS RADIO | £20 PLUS RADIO | £15 PLUS RADIO | £10 PLUS RADIO | £9 PLUS RADIO

1020

£8 PLUS RADIO | £7 PLUS RADIO | £6 PLUS RADIO

10s./£5 Set with RADIO | 10s./£1 Set with RADIO

500 of 2/6
2,000 RED SEALS
6,000 TARGET PRIZES

100 MAGNIFICENT 4-VALVE 'Philips' £9·19·6 RADIO SETS

one with each prize of £1 and over this week

SUPERB AC/DC MODEL

BATTERY TYPE SUBSTITUTED IF WINNER DESIRES

BIG CHEQUES AND FINE RADIOS FOR 100 'BULLETS' WINNERS THIS WEEK!

TO-DAY JOHN BULL announces the first of a series of astonishing one-week *Bullets* prize-lists to the total value of over £2,000 each. The monster offer now before you will bring big 2-in-1 prizes to not just a handful of competitors but to 100 senders of neat *Bullets*, each of whom will receive a fine Cash-plus-Radio award. Heading this splendid offer is a £800-plus-Radio First Prize. Whether you secure this giant First, the £100 Second or any of this week's 100 principal cash prizes down to £1, the Radio accompanying your JOHN BULL cheque will be the same superb "Philips" model.

If you want to share in this week's huge distribution of 10,600 prizes, get busy on the *Examples* without delay. You have only until Saturday, March 7, to enter—and the time to start on your way to that £800-plus-Radio First is now!

HOW TO WIN

JOT down a few selected *Examples* and then write against each one the various ideas it brings to your mind. No matter how crude these first rough comments may be, any of them may be developed into a sparkling *Bullet* with a little care.

Remember, as you polish up the phrasing of these rough notes, that a completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up aptly with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you decided to tackle the *Example*, ONE AFTER ANOTHER. Your first thought might be, *Drunkard Kept Losing Jobs*. By pruning and polishing that first jotting, you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, ONE AFTER ANOTHER—DRINKS—JOBS—THEN "SENTENCES."

If you are wise, before you start on your own efforts, you will study the successful *Bullets* in our latest prize-list on the opposite page.

When your *Bullets* are as good as you can make them, you have only to enter them on the coupons on this page and make sure that they reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, March 7.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

BRITAIN'S HEAD
WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER
HONEST BUILDER
IN LIFE'S PLAY
SAD DUTY
FATHER'S MEMORY
BEYOND THE STARS
HE'S A FIGHTER, SO
MERCY
GIANT STRIDES
VILLAGE SCANDAL
"HOW INTERESTING!"
ACHES AND PAINS
MASKED
BABY HOWLED AND
ANOTHER NAME
HARD TO RESIST
BLUNDERING IDIOT
AT HER SIDE
OUT OF HARM'S WAY
MINOR DETAIL
SURPRISE FOR THE TAXIMAN
WITHERING
LIKE HIS MOTHER
WELCOME VISITOR
LARGE AS LIFE
HIS HEART WAS BREAKING, BUT
CHILDLESS
TAKES TIME
TO CLIMB THE LADDER
ONE AFTER ANOTHER
CAN'T GRUMBLE
SAVED HIS BACON
AFRAID OF NOTHING
MY EXPERIENCE
LADY LUCK

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,020) Closing SAT., Mar. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,020) Closing SAT., Mar. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,020) Closing SAT., Mar. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,020) Closing SAT., Mar. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,017 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Browning, 38, Tangiers Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,020 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,020, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" AND CROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

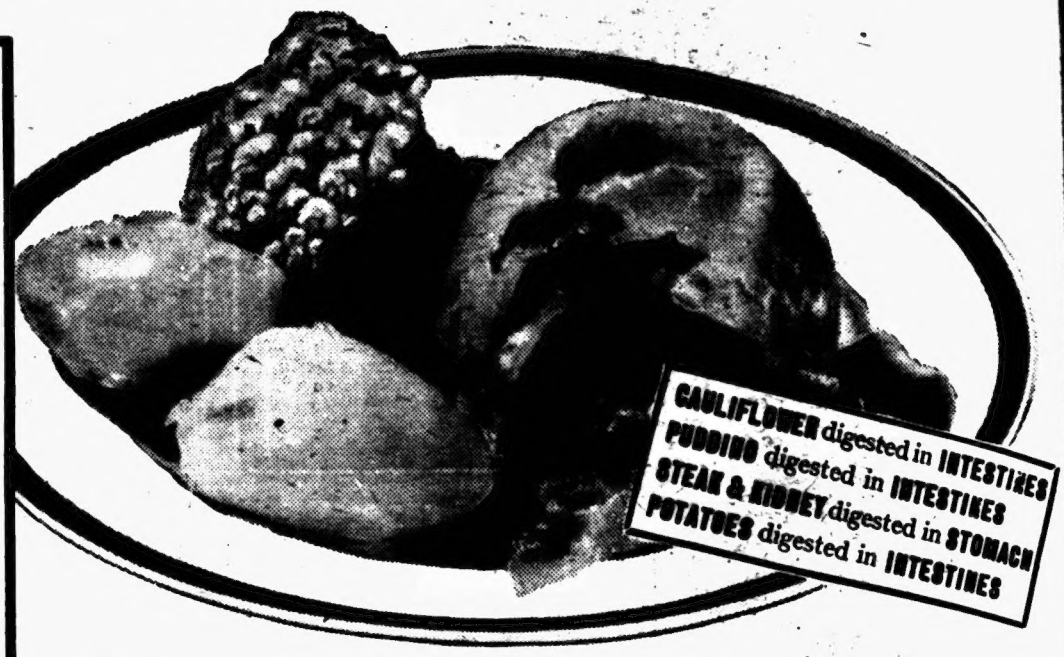
Affix 1½d. stamp here

LOOK OUT FOR THE £7,000 MONSTER—GREATEST 'BULLETS' OFFER EVER KNOWN IS COMING!

You know it's Indigestion but is it Stomach or INTESTINAL?

This is How You Can Tell:—

INTESTINAL INDIGESTION causes	STOMACH INDIGESTION causes
CONSTIPATION, with Griping Pains.	**ACIDITY,** with Heartburn.
FLATULENCE. Dull, heavy **HEADACHES.**	**GASES** with Eructations. Neuralgic **HEADACHES.**
TONGUE coated yellow.	**COMPLEXION** blotchy.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.	**REDNESS** of **NOSE.**
BILIOUSNESS. Lack of **APPETITE.**	**TONGUE** coated white.
ACIDITY, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc.	Dislike of **FOOD** and nausea. **BURNING SPOT** behind left shoulder blade.


CAULIFLOWER digested in INTESTINES
PUDDING digested in INTESTINES
STEAK & KIDNEY digested in STOMACH
POTATOES digested in INTESTINES

3 cases out of every 4 are INTESTINAL

Your stomach may be upset as well, in fact it is hardly possible for your stomach to be normal when the rest of the 20/30 feet of digestive tract is cluttered up with undigested food. There's only one way to remove the cause of your agonising symptoms—and that is *to digest your food as you eat it*, so that it can be absorbed into your blood and leave the normal non-digestible waste to be *easily* ejected. You cannot have *Constipation* when your Intestinal Digestion is in order. And, MARK THIS, you cannot have indigestion if you begin your meals with a CICFA Tablet. For CICFA gives you the means to digest each meal perfectly and completely.

CICFA proved by Doctors

"For some time now I have used your tablets both personally and on patients—with very gratifying results."—Dr. ——, M.B., Ch.B.

* *

"I have every confidence in Cicfa and constantly prescribe it." — Dr. ——, M.R.C.P. & S.

* *

"I am exceedingly pleased with Cicfa; in all forms of dyspepsia it does good, and in those complicated with Constipation is always successful."—Dr. ——, L.R.C.P. & L.M.

CICFA proved by patients

"I have suffered from indigestion for 2½ years. A workmate recommended CICFA Tablets to me, saying they cured his wife. I have had four tubes of CICFA. I can eat anything now."—R. C., Liverpool.

* *

"I am 73 next birthday. I never ailed anything until I was 70, but from that age I suffered a lot thro' indigestion, so that I hardly dared to eat. But since taking CICFA I have not had a single attack."—Mrs. D., Bradford.

How CICFA completely banishes Agony from Stomach & Intestines

The ingredients in CICFA Tablets supply what your digestion lacks . . . the power to assimilate nourishment in Stomach and Intestines. CICFA is capable of digesting a hearty meal for you. This enables Nature gradually to produce an adequate supply of its own digestives. CICFA is then no longer needed. The hardened, constipating mass of undigested food no longer clogs your system. Your digestion is sound, and strong, able to extract the maximum nourishment from your food. Pain goes, your head clears, appetite returns. You lose all trace of heaviness and Rheumatic Pains. Thanks to CICFA you enjoy the blessing of perfect digestion; you feel more fit, fresh and buoyant than ever before.

CICFA

(Pronounced 'SIK-FAH')

Brand Tablets

For STOMACH and INTESTINAL INDIGESTION

Of All Chemists 1/3 & 3/-

FREE SAMPLE

Send a postcard (1d. stamp) with your name and address and receive a Free Supply of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample given to each family. Address your postcard: The CICFA Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 18, King George's Avenue, Watford.

197 B 8

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A169